

TRIVENI

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238

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'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature, and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the spirit. All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom and Power!

... he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure!

—THE SONG CELESTIAL

'The Triple Stream'

BY K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU¹

AFTER RAMGARH

While preparations for Satyagraha are proceeding apace in all Provinces, it is becoming increasingly clear that no struggle on a mass scale is contemplated by Gandhiji, with whom rests the final decision. Individual civil disobedience by well-trained and thoroughly dependable persons, with a view merely to lowering the moral prestige of the British Government, is likely to be launched after June or July. Gandhiji's main contention is that a mass struggle may precipitate anarchical conditions; another reason which weighs with him is that it is unchivalrous to embarrass Britain while she is engaged in a life and death struggle in Europe. He would give anything to be able to avoid Satyagraha in any form, but he sees no way out of the present impasse except a Constituent Assembly, freely elected and empowered to frame a constitution. Even a declaration that such an Assembly will be convened after the termination of the present war might suffice. But there is no indication that this demand will be conceded, though feelers are being thrown out through non-official and semi-official channels regarding a small committee of Indian leaders to resolve the deadlock.

¹ 30th April.

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Of the forces arrayed against the Congress, easily the most formidable is the Muslim League. But for its insistence that the Congress should recognise it as the sole representative of the Indian Muslims, an understanding on the communal issue would have been reached even prior to the war. While talking vaguely of safeguards, the League failed to indicate the exact nature of the safeguards it considered necessary for the protection of Muslim interests. It was more keen on Gandhiji accepting the position of a mere Hindu leader, negotiating on behalf of the Hindus with Mr. Jinnah, the Muslim leader. When the stunt about the oppression of Muslims in the Congress-governed Provinces failed to move any one, and the 'Deliverance Day' proved a damp squib, the League, under Mr. Jinnah's leadership, made a last desperate throw, and answered the Ramgarh resolution of the Congress with the fantastic demand for the partition of India into Hindu and Muslim zones! The manner in which this outrageous suggestion has been received by all Indians outside the Muslim League, has served to show up the reactionary and anti-national character of the League. The Sikhs, the Indian Christians, and, more than all others, the Nationalist Muslims, have declared themselves definitely against the scheme. Even British statesmen have discountenanced it. Instead of composing differences, the League seeks to accentuate them; instead of recognising the bonds of a common nationhood, it seeks to sunder them. Setting up independent, exclusive Muslim States in the East and the North-West, with a predominantly Hindu State over a stretch of a thousand miles in between, is hardly likely to serve the interests of the Muslim minorities over the greater part of India. The Sikhs are demanding that part of the Punjab should be carved into a Sikhistan, —a buffer State between Pakistan and Hindustan.

Now that the conference of Independent Muslims is preparing, through its Board, to place definite proposals before the Congress, with intent to settle the communal problem, Muslim Leaguers like Mr. Fazlul Huq are questioning the credentials of that conference. The only way to set at rest the warring claims of these two sections of Muslim opinion in India is to accept the principle of election to the Constituent Assembly through separate Muslim electorates. The result will show whether Mr. Jinnah and Mr. Huq are entitled to 'pose' as

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the sole spokesmen of Islam in India. The opinion is even gaining ground that, in any future constitution, the principle of joint electorates, with reservation of seats for the minorities, should be recognised. Parties based on political and economic issues, and cutting across religious distinctions, must function in a free India, and establish that nationhood which the League is seeking to destroy.

With civil disobedience postponed for some time, and Nationalist Muslims asserting themselves, hopes are naturally revived that a last-minute settlement with Britain may yet be achieved. Bodies like the National Liberal Federation are genuinely distressed at the prospect of a grim struggle between the Congress and the Government. Eminent individuals like Sir S. Radhakrishnan are trying to find a 'middle path' through which the Indian question may be solved partly by self-determination by Indians, and partly by negotiation between Britain and India. Questions like Defence and the Indian States might form the subject-matter of a treaty, while all other matters may be left to the Constituent Assembly or its equivalent.

No settlement however is possible without a yearning for it on both sides. Even before the Ramgarh Congress, the Government started the battle with the arrest of Sri Jai Prakash Narain, and the internment of hundreds of leftist Congressmen. Whenever a gesture of goodwill is made in some quarter, British or Indian, out comes the Secretary of State for India with a most unhelpful statement. A committee of Indian leaders, elected on some acceptable basis, has been welcomed by Gandhiji; even Mr. Huq is in favour of a conference of Premiers and ex-Premiers. But what can such a committee or conference achieve in the absence of a prior undertaking by the British Government that the committee's recommendations will be accepted as the prelude to a final settlement? Where the will to part with power is lacking, one obstacle after another can be thrown in the path of Nationalist India, till sheer desperation may drive Gandhiji to launch Satyagraha.

UNDER SUSPENSION

One-man rule will continue in seven Indian Provinces for another year. It is ridiculous to talk of democracy and self-determination for the nations of Europe, while Britain perpe-

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tuates Imperialism here. It is easy enough to retaliate that the Congress, by its intransigence, left no alternative to the British Parliament. In the speeches in both Houses, the entire blame was sought to be foisted on the Congress. "If only the Congress could come to terms with the Muslims!" was the burden of every utterance. Everyone realised, however, that the scheme of partition sponsored by the Muslim League was unacceptable. And yet, the Congress was blamed for not reconciling the irreconcilables. The debate was apparently a pre-arranged affair, meant for consumption in America and other neutral countries. With an air of injured innocence, the representatives of all parties asked why the Viceroy's offer of Dominion Status was refused by the Congress. When Gandhiji met the Viceroy after the famous Orient Club speech, negotiations had to be broken off, for it was realised on both sides that the imagined basis of agreement simply did not exist. Dominion Status or any other status, to be acceptable to India, must be the result of deliberations amongst Indians themselves, subject to formal ratification by the British Parliament. The communal as well as the constitutional problem must be solved on Indian soil, and by vote of the sovereign people and their elected representatives. There is neither ambiguity nor equivocation in this demand. While Britain is unwilling to concede this position, it is wrong to blame the Congress for failure to accept the other position,—that Britain shall have a determining voice in framing a constitution for India.

Without Ministers and without popular Legislatures, with Civilian officers issuing orders instead of taking them, and with schemes of national development held up or delayed, the nation has a taste of that undiluted autocracy,—which it has been striving, for over half a century, to overcome.

INDIA'S FOLK-SONGS

When the mind is troubled and life seems a puzzle, some song of childhood days recurs to memory. One thinks of the quietness and peace of dusk in a far-away village home,

" . . . when the lamps are lit,
And the cows and the calves return home,
And the brothers, elder and younger, come back from
work "

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or of the rustic lovers who dream,

" If our hearts become one,
We can build a raft of jasmine flowers,
And on that raft we shall float away."

Even to the sophisticated dwellers in cities, these songs are somehow dearer than the more elegant poetry of the classics. They are of the soil; they enshrine the genius of the people. Every part of India and every language has its own treasure-house of folk-songs. Women, especially, are its custodians. Cradle songs, wedding songs, songs of the harvest and of the chase,—what a bewildering variety of theme and sentiment! Beneath all outer differences of language and culture, the essential unity of India may be sensed through these songs.

Prof. Devendra Satyarthi of Lahore, whose article on folk-songs was published in *Triveni* last month, has made it his life's mission to collect the songs from all Indian languages and render them into English and Hindi. For years, he has been travelling from end to end of India, listening to the songs of the common people, writing them down, translating them, and giving them to the public through journals like '*Asia*' and '*The Modern Review*,' his latest being a rendering of the well-known Telugu song-story, '*Urmila's Sleep*.' A decade ago, I met this bearded gypsy at Berhampore and wondered whether any single individual could do the work which he had chosen. Since then, I have been reading his exceedingly valuable contributions to the Press. Now I have met him again in Madras and I recognise with joy that the spirit can triumph over time and circumstance. Simple as a child, and with a smile which at once wins your affection, Devendra Satyarthi seems to incarnate in himself the soul of rural India. His work is great, but I have a feeling that the man is even greater than his work. As a lover of folk-songs, I am grateful to him for his unending quest after beauty, as revealed in the songs of a people.

SIR M. V. SUBBA RAO ON HINDU-MUSLIM UNITY

The speech delivered by Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao at the banquet given in his honour by the Governor of the C. P. and Berar is a pronouncement of outstanding value. The following extracts on the Hindu-Muslim problem will be read with interest:

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"There has been a reference to my being the first Agent and I am deeply sensible of the honour it implies and even proud of the post I hold. I say so, as there is a profound significance in a great Muslim Potentate choosing, in these anxious times, a Hindu as his first Representative. It is striking evidence of the tradition of communal harmony for which Hyderabad was famous. That harmony is of the highest value in the conditions that obtain today."

* * *

"Till a few years ago, this premier State was the home of Hindu-Muslim unity—the ideal of all lovers of India. If the objective has suffered a set-back of late, I venture to think that this is a passing phase; for, how can a thing of yesterday wipe out an ancient tradition? Not only did harmonious relations prevail, but there was a happy blending of the two cultures, each retaining its distinctive genius. Hindus and Muslims were, through centuries, good neighbours; tolerance, not bigotry, being their guiding principle. There is no reason why this inversion of the tradition should be allowed, creating suspicion and hatred where goodwill and trust should reign. Violent storms of Hindu-Muslim tension are no doubt sweeping every part of India; but may not Hyderabad, I suggest, imbued with her tradition of harmony, break away and give an example to the rest of the country? I am not indulging, let me remark, in an idle conceit; for, this is the exhortation of the august Ruler himself."

* * *

"Hindu-Muslim unity is the bedrock of political integrity of India, and if Hyderabad can show that differences and conflicts would melt away in the face of loyalty to the common homeland, she would point the way to national unity. This, Hyderabad can achieve, as I have said, with the advantage she possesses of inherited tradition."

* * *

"The two problems today, which are baffling British and Indian statesmen alike, are, how to achieve inter-communal harmony and how to maintain inviolate India's political integrity. Both these problems Hyderabad is in the enviable position of being able to solve. Need I say then why I am proud of being the Representative of the sovereign of Hyderabad and Berar?"

International Democracy

BY PROF. M. VENKATARAMAIAH¹

(Andhra University, Waltair)

The extension of democracy into the international sphere is the crying need of the hour. It is the failure to recognise this that is really responsible for the release of those forces of war which are now threatening to destroy the very fabric of civilisation and introduce a new dark age into the world.

But what then is democracy? It is both an ideal and a method of achieving the ideal. The ideal is equality as distinguished from privilege. The method is responsible government as distinguished from despotism and arbitrary rule. Modern democracy originated about a century and half ago in countries like France as a protest against governments treating the nobility and the clergy in one way, and the common people in a quite different way. Taxes were collected mostly from the ordinary people, while the benefits of government went mostly to the privileged classes. It was under these circumstances that democracy proclaimed that all men and women, whatever be the class, the creed, the community or the race to which they belonged, were, by virtue of their humanity, fundamentally similar; that hunger and thirst, life and death, the feelings of pain and pleasure were common to all; and that all were equally entitled to expect and get from their governments equal opportunities for leading a happy life. This is the basic principle of democracy. And even though it has not yet fully triumphed anywhere, its acceptance by several of the nations of the West has resulted in the widening of the functions of the State. Governments have come to be valued for the services they render to the common man, and the expenditure on public health, medical relief, maternity and child welfare, parks and playgrounds, housing, schools and libraries, unemployment relief and old age pensions has considerably increased in consequence of this. These are the services which all men and women require, how-

¹ By kind courtesy of the All-India Radio (Lahore Station)

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ever much they may differ from one another in respect of race, religion or party allegiance.

Let us consider the significance of this ideal in the international sphere. The World is inhabited by peoples who differ from one another in innumerable ways. Some like the Finns are among the smaller powers, while some others like the Russians and the Germans are among the greater ones. Some people are white, while others are dark, brown or yellow. Some are Christians, and some not. Some, like the natives of Africa, are semi-civilised, while others like the peoples of Europe and Asia are highly civilised. Some are economically backward with a low standard of life while others are industrialised on up-to-date lines. All these have come into intimate contact in modern times. The question that arises is, what should be the nature of relations among them? Is it open for one people to establish their political and economic domination over another? Are the Finns, the Abyssinians and the rest of them all, not entitled to be as happy as the Russians and the Italians? For ages it has been thought that there was nothing wrong or improper in one nation conquering another, even though in that process several peoples were totally exterminated and several others reduced to slavery or serfdom. The democrat questions the propriety of all this. The introduction of the democratic ideal into the international sphere will give to the unprivileged peoples of the present day a title to an equal measure of happiness alongside of the privileged peoples.

In a democracy the government is ultimately responsible to the people at large. They choose the government and they keep it in power only so long as they are satisfied with its programmes and policies. Whenever they are convinced that the actions of one government are not conducive to their well-being they replace it by another government. All this assumes that the common people are the best judges of what policy is good for them and of what policy is harmful. And the assumption is generally correct because it is they that experience the good or bad effects of any action undertaken by government. After all, it is not the shoe-maker, however skilled he might be, but the wearer of the shoe that can say whether it pinches him or not. There is no room in a democracy for self-appointed leaders.

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This principle that government should be responsible to the governed has an immense significance in the international world of today. Its acceptance will remove the causes for much of that friction that now exists between one great power and another, and between the great powers and their dependencies. It will mean the grant of self-government to countries like India, and the renunciation of the claims of Japan to rule over China, or of Germany to rule over Czechoslovakia and Poland. There is, of course, one difficulty in applying this principle all round. There are many semi-civilised peoples in Africa and elsewhere who are not as yet fit to govern themselves. Though it is injurious to their interests to be left under the sole control of an imperial power, the withdrawal of such control will certainly result in incessant tribal warfare and a relapse into barbarism. A way however out of this difficulty has been found in the system of mandates which forms a part of the covenant of the League of Nations. The backward area is under this system administered by some great power like England or France but it does this as a trustee for the welfare of its inhabitants; and in discharging this trust it is subject to the supervision and control of the League. The ultimate object kept in view is the training of the backward peoples to become fit for self-government. The mandate system is a beginning in the right direction. It gives to the semi-civilised peoples the best government possible under the circumstances. And the opinion is gaining ground that the extension of this system to cover all the colonial possessions of the great powers in Africa and in the Far East will go a great way in removing the heart-burning that Germany, Italy and Japan now exhibit towards England and France, and solve to a considerable extent the problem of the distribution of raw materials which are found in these areas, a problem which is another potent cause of war.

There is another aspect of responsible government to which we have now to turn our attention. We have already seen that its essence is that those who are affected by the actions of a government should have control over it. It has now become a platitude to say that we are living in an interdependent world. The growth of science and the introduction of rapid means of transport have transformed the economy of each and every country. The whole world has now become a single

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market. The prosperity, for instance, of our peasants, workers and manufacturers depends much more on what happens outside our country than on what happens here. A revision of the scale of duties on exports and imports, a change in the currency policy or a modification of factory laws in Japan, the U. S. A. or Belgium may cause ruin to our industries or agriculture; and similar action taken by our government here may cause unemployment and acute distress elsewhere. Under these circumstances it is no exaggeration to say that each government owes a responsibility not only to its own subjects but also to the people of different countries in the world in very many matters. And it follows from this that all such matters should be regulated by an international body representative of all countries and not by each of the governments separately and independently. We have arrived at a stage when the creation of such a body has become an absolute necessity. It is then only that we can take full advantage of the scientific inventions of the modern age. It is the unwillingness of the world to invent new political institutions corresponding to the new material inventions that is responsible for the chaos and anarchy that we find today in the international world.

The establishment of a responsible international organisation for the purposes referred to will be found to be a matter of immediate urgency if we take note of another feature of democracy. Democracy implies that political differences arising between parties within a State should be decided not through an appeal to force but through an appeal to reason. Discussions, consultations and compromise are the essential features of its working. In every democratic community those who want to bring changes into the existing order of things organise themselves into political parties. They do not however carry on a physical fight among themselves to achieve their aims. Each party tries to educate the electorate in favour of the programme and the policy it advocates. Through the press and on the platform, propaganda is carried on. Pamphlets and books are published in support of or against particular causes. And in course of time public opinion gathers in volume and in intensity in favour of the views held by any one party. That party then comes into office. It brings about the necessary changes and embodies them in law. All this is possible because democracy does not

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regard the existing order of things in a society as sacrosanct. It welcomes change. It permits parties to be formed for this purpose. It gives equal opportunities to each party to bring to the notice of the people the kind of changes it considers necessary. Under these circumstances the need for the use of violence or force becomes absolutely uncalled for. Democracy and violence never go together. This does not however mean that democracy dispenses entirely with force. It keeps it in reserve; and it uses it not to make the law or opinion as the Nazis, the Fascists or the Communists do. It is brought into use only to punish the law-breakers. Law itself is changed with the consent of the people obtained through peaceful persuasion.

All this is quite in contrast with the situation as we find it in the international world. In the settlement of differences arising between one State and another, an appeal to the sword is regarded as a perfectly justifiable course. War is defended in the name of national honour, prestige and glory, as if all these consist in killing other men. A halo of romance surrounds it. It is forgotten how it is all one system of organised violence; how it diverts the rich resources of the world to the preparation of weapons of destruction when they are more urgently required to produce food, clothing, shelter and the thousand and one other things that are so necessary to give comfort and happiness to the millions of ill-fed, ill-clad, shelterless and poverty-stricken peoples in all countries. Most of the war-mongers of the present day shut their eyes to its hideousness. They forget how, in using its weapons of destruction, it makes no discrimination between the military and the civilian population, how it shows no mercy even to women and children, and how it wipes whole cities out of existence. War takes toll today not of the lives of a few professional soldiers, but of the whole of the flower among the youth and manhood of nations. It brings ruin as much to the victor as to the vanquished, and its elimination from the international sphere has become today a matter of supreme importance.

The first essential however to be recognised in this connection is that the existing order of things in the world is not satisfactory from the point of view of all the peoples. Some get too much of advantage from it and others too little. While some countries are suffering from excessive numbers of popula-

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tion, there are vast vacant spaces under control of other governments with no inhabitants to make use of them. Some nations have huge markets for disposing of their surplus products while others have few or none. Some have easy access to the sources of essential raw materials while others are barred from admission into them. These and similar other conditions have to be changed so that all the peoples of the world may have equal opportunities for growth and development. If all this is to be brought about in a peaceful manner, there should be set up an international body representative of all the peoples with power to examine the conditions as they are existing today and bringing about the adjustments and changes required in the interests of the whole world. It must function just as a democratic parliament within the nation State is functioning. There will then be no need for nations to resort to arms to obtain the changes they desire. They will be more or less in the position of political parties within a democratic State.

The first step in this direction was taken at the close of the last World War when the League of Nations was organised. It was entrusted with the work of bringing about a peaceful settlement of issues like immigration and emigration, frontiers, tariffs, currency, conditions of factory labour, distribution of important raw-materials and international movements of capital, which are at the root of all modern wars. But owing to some serious defects in the machinery of the League Constitution, and, much more, owing to the unwillingness of some of the great powers to make use of the League for the purpose for which it was intended, it was not able to accomplish much. Experience however is the great school of life; and we learn more from our failures than from our successes. Now that we know why the League failed, and on what lines it should be reformed, there is a possibility of a better and a more effective League being created. At the end of the present war, nations will be in a better and a more chastened mood to listen to the voice of reason, and we may confidently look to a future when international democracy will be as much of an accomplished fact as democracy within the national State.

“Prabhu Devara Ragale”

(A GLORIOUS CHAPTER FROM KANNADA SAHITYA)

BY RANGA RAO NIPPANI

In the realm of Virasaiva philosophy, Allamaprabhu, the Principal of Sivanubhava Mantapa (academy of spiritual experience), which flourished in the twelfth century A. D., holds a very high place. The profundity and richness of his thoughts, his radical approach to the various problems of life, of the soul and the spirit, are as interesting as the non-creationistic theory or ‘Ajathivada’ of Gaudapada as expounded in his “Karikas” based on the Mandukyopanishad. “Prabhu Devara Ragale” by Harihara, the poet of Karnataka, is a splendid work of literature in Kannada Sahitya, and with the wake-up of Kannada consciousness it is the duty of every Kannadiga not only to draw inspiration from the works of Harihara, but also to obtain therefrom that mental poise so necessary for one in these days of hectic living.

There are certain portions relating to the life of Allama which are not generally liked by Lingayats; but we have to look at the whole question from a historical perspective to understand the significance of his life and teachings. The philosophy of Vachanas of Allama, like the Vachanas of Basava or Sarvagna, have a universal appeal and are applicable to all people for all times.

Allama was born in the twelfth century in Bellegavi. Mythlore has it that Allama fell in love with an ‘apsarasa’ in the court of God Mahadeva who, detecting this breach of decorum on the part of Allama, cursed him to be born as a mortal. Allama, born in Banavasi, marries the identical ‘apsarasa’ who is now known as Kamalata, and lives for a long time in happy wedlock. As the period of redemption had approached, Kamalata dies, and we find Allama struck down, as a tree by lightning. Overpowered by grief, Allama goes about in despair raving about the death of Kamalata, and entering an abandoned cave, meets with a sage ‘Animisha’ who tells him about the existence of Linga in the cave. Allama takes the ‘Linga’ in his hand and by

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the mere touch of it he becomes a Jivan-muktha. The reality of the material world unfurls itself. No more does Maya blind his vision. He realises his folly. To him it is god that manifests himself in myriad forms. His 'anganga' is merged in the Linganga. To him there is no separate existence. He actually feels that he is one with the divine energy, with the world and the cosmos. There was such a thorough transformation in him, with the divine effulgence, that the very spectators who had seen him raving mad over the death of his consort were taken aback. "Is it the same Allama who the other day was in despair? Could it be possible that by the mere touch of the Linga there could be such a thorough metamorphosis?" They were lost in wonder. Allama's presence was awe-inspiring. He did not see them. He did not know where he was going. He did not care whether it was day or night. With the Linga in his hand and in divine ecstasy, God-intoxicated Allama walked straight into the jungle. . . . One who reads this interesting chapter is reminded of the spiritual experiences of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, the saint of Kamarpukur. Nature is joyous at the sight of Allama. The branches bend in grace and afford shade for the Linga. Flowers drop from tree tops. The Kokils sing in praise. The creepers kiss his foot, while the beasts of the jungle assemble round him. The sweet fragrance of Allama's spiritual life was however not to run to waste. It was not the will of god that he should lead a life of seclusion in the forest, unknown and unheard. Slowly but surely his footsteps were directed towards Kalyan, where was located that institution famous throughout the twelfth century—the Anubhava Mantapa, the Nalanda of South India.

It is worth while to understand the condition of religion in India at the time Basava founded this famous institution. The subtleties of the Advaita philosophy had left people cold. There was too much of theory but little doing. On the other hand, the precepts of Jainism were so overgrown with traditional observances and ceremonial rites that the fundamental principles were completely ignored. Sick of both, a group of rebels in society, headed by Basava, who wanted to lead a life of piety and work out their salvation, had come together. Being rebels, each held a different view. Each thought in a most independent manner and could not be easily convinced. There were people

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with different avocations in this 'mantapa.' There was absolutely no difference of colour, caste, or creed. A place where piety of life was more valued than nobility of birth, where dignity of labour was recognised, where the ownership of private property was abolished, a really casteless, classless society, a republic in itself, the dream of the modern socialist, Anubhava Mantapa attracted people from all over India. History records that Allama visited Sonalapura (Sholapur) before he came to the Mantapa. Struck by the strength of his intellectual and spiritual genius, the inmates of the Mantapa proclaimed him as the principal of the institution. Allama's attitude towards his Creator was different from the attitude of other Bhakthas in general. A perusal of the Vachanas of Basava will reveal that he pleads and prays to to the Almighty for a 'darshan.' This is the case with all other spiritual seekers in all climes and places. Allama's attitude is different. He says, "Where am I to worship thee? I find you in all creatures, both animate and inanimate. I find that you are in me. Am I to worship myself by worshipping thee?" An attitude of equality, a claim rarely preferred by any Bhaktha, denotes the unique status Allama had reached in the spiritual hierarchy. Basava was a good man. He implicitly believed a man by his outward appearance. If a man had put on the Linga it was sufficient for him to regard him as a Lingayat. Overlooking the faults in others was a good trait of Basava's character, but it was his weak point as well. For there was a likelihood of many a bogus aspirant misusing Basava's hospitality, defiling the fair name of Anubhava Mantapa and cutting at the very roots of Virasaivism. Chenna Basava, though he was feared, was too young to lead and guide the group. Madivala Machayya, though learned, was from a lower strata of society and was diffident about his capacities and attainments. Hence it was that Allama accepted the Principalship of Anubhava Mantapa. He was both feared and respected.

Allama carefully tested every entrant into the Mantapa. He was not satisfied by mere outward show; mere learning was of no account, what was needed was earnest zeal—"Sadbhakti sadachara illadai guruthva unteno guhesa." In another Vachana he tells, "Look! God laughs at your outward show and at the emptiness of your hearts." He believed that a 'Gnani' was above 'Sukha' and 'Dukkha.' Hypocrites had such a fright of him. "What

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if you wear the Linga next to your body? Nobody should think that they would be purified by merely wearing a Linga. You can draw a life-like picture, but you cannot put life into it." Likewise Allama held that Bhakthi was essential for a spiritual aspirant. "Unless the wick of form is filled with the oil of Bhakthi it is not possible to realise the light of Knowledge." 'Sug-gnana' was also necessary for the realisation of the 'Atman.'

After preparing the ground for the 'Sadhaka,' Allama discusses the nature of truth or 'Atman.' He does not believe in the worship of the Linga or image. He thus ruled out of order the worship of the "Sthavira Linga." He puts a pertinent question, "Kallu devara madi da re, devaru elli podanaya?" In another place, he exclaims: "God, if you are to be a stone, what am I to be?"

Allama proceeds to discuss where God is.

He believed in the complete effacement of the self in the divine energy. 'Vairagya' and an all-embracing love were necessary requisites for this. Many of the Lingayats have objected to, and do not see eye to eye with, the philosophical deductions of Allama. *Sunya Sampa Dani* of Allama is different from the Nihilistic idea of the soul, represented by a state corresponding to the complete extinction of the fire, held by the Buddhists. It has a different connotation from the Dwaita conception of the gradations of the spirit and 'Atman.' Even the Adwaita conception, which denies the reality of the individual soul and the material world, is different from it. Allama believed that both the individual soul and the material world in the "Avyaktha" or unmanifested state have a reality in God. *This is akin to the philosophy of St. Paul. "It is no longer I, that live, but Christ liveth in me"*—the transformation of 'Anganga' into the 'Linganga.' These gems of thought, representing a state of perfect self-abnegation, are expressed in the following Vachanas:

If a mountain should feel chill, could you cover it?

If the open void should stand naked, could you cover it?
If the Earth should become a policeman, where could the thief hide?

When I go to worship or try to pluck a flower, I do not find the flower but God. How then am I to do 'puja'? Who is the Bhaktha and who is the Bhoktha? When they are one, who is to worship whom?

"PRABHU DEVARA RAGALE"

Thus lived and taught the great Gurudeva, Allama Prabhu of Sivanubhava Mantapa, during the twelfth century A.D., guiding and inspiring his disciples by his superb intellectual and spiritual powers. And it goes to the credit of Harihara, the great poet of Karnataka, that he has given to posterity a work so superb and full of interest, which forms a glorious chapter in Kannada Sahitya.

SIRI KANNADAM GELGE.

Can We Have Stories Without Love?

BY SRIMATI K. SAVITRI

If it were asked, "Can the world be without war?", what would be our answer? We might readily reply: "Why, there would certainly be an end of war when those responsible for it are no longer for continuing it." Nevertheless, in spite of all that is said and done for the establishment of peace in the world, war and all its horrors are in full swing today. And in our despair we can only pray that God in his infinite mercy may intervene and put an end to it. Happily the question, "Can we have stories without love?", does not belong to that kind. No need for us indeed to feel reduced to the point of abandoning ourselves to a higher Will.

Can we have stories without love?...What does the question signify? Does it not simply mean this? Is it possible to write stories without treating of love? And if so written, can readers find pleasure in them?

What is a story? Let us first of all analyse it. "God has created man, and man out of his own mind has created the story," says a writer in Hindi. "So we may take it that since the world began the story has existed, and it will continue to exist so long as the world exists. In our childhood we listen to tales from the lips of our elders. As we grow up, the role falls on ourselves, and we begin telling them to our children. In our death we become no more than stories ourselves."

We derive a peculiar pleasure indeed in creating men and women like ourselves and subjecting them to the sorrows and pleasures of our own lives. If this were not a fact, we could be sure that the love of telling, and listening to, stories would not be found so universal!

In ancient days, mostly only tales with a moral were best valued. It is not to be inferred however from this that there were then no stories of love. What is the Ramayana, the greatest of all epics, if it is not thoroughly a love episode? Rama gave up the kingdom and all the pleasures of life, no doubt in order that his father may be true to his word. But does that

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fact enter our hearts with greater poignancy than the love which bound Rama and Sita together, or than the misery and anguish they had to undergo in being separated from each other? None can deny that it is a love so pure and divine as to lift high, and ennoble, life and all its aims. Poets have glorified only such a love, and have breathed into the songs they have created the fragrance of immortality.

"Love, love, love. No love, no life. Kings worshipping at the altar of love, can they ever think of war? Ministers locked up in sweet dreams of love, what thoughts can they have of war?" So sang the poet, Bharati, in Tamil.

In the West, during the Middle Ages, poets and writers were never tired of singing the praise of love. We read how in those days a brave youth succeeded in doing noble and daring deeds in order to win the heart of the maid he loved. He would risk his very life indeed if only the lady of his love would smile sweetly on him. Love in short was made so much of, the belief grew that "it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Let us take the days of the Rajputs in India. How many stirring tales there are of deeds of valour and heroism which a Rajput youth would not shrink from, if but those deeds won to him the lady of his heart! One sees, however, that there is a world of difference between the love of that age and the love depicted in the stories of the present day. According to the theory of the eternal triangle in Western literature, two men and a woman, or two women and a man, are considered to be essential for the construction of a novel. The young man and the young woman, the central figures of the story, meet and fall in love. In strict adherence to the saying, "the course of true love never did run smooth," a second man or woman is brought in, to throw obstacles in the path of the lovers. The end is invariably determined by the mood of the author. Either it may be the wedding bells pealing forth joyously or the gloom of death and sorrow darkening the concluding pages. We may depend upon ninety per cent of the stories ending one way or the other.

The ancient days were rich in stories dealing not only with love but also with other great qualities such as truth, sacrifice, service, duty and mercy.

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The Ramayana, it has already been said, is essentially a love story. The attraction of man and woman for each other is as eternal as the attraction between the moon and the sea, the iron and the magnet; and the theme can hardly appear stale to writers. True, but how can we classify the other great epic in Sanskrit, the Mahabharata? What is there indeed of love or of the pangs of separation from the beloved, in a tale of two families that quarrelled and fought for the possession of a kingdom? It is a fact that man is born with a love of power and of riches just as much as he is born with his love of woman.

If we take Shakespeare's play, "Romeo and Juliet," what do we find except love from first to last? The readers are themselves carried away by that great tide of love which was the undoing of Romeo and Juliet. Nothing seems to exist apart from love. But Shakespeare could not rest with "Romeo and Juliet." He wrote Macbeth in which man, swayed by great ambition, loses all that is human in him and descends to the foulest of crimes. The element of love is totally absent in this play. There is instead vile ambition which enslaved Macbeth. Shakespeare's knowledge of the world taught him that jealousy and ambition were also overmastering passions like love, and this knowledge enabled him to create plays totally dissimilar to one another.

Again, the question: Can we have stories without love? We may with confidence reply in the affirmative. The question could have occurred to many out of the knowledge that most of the love stories appearing in the journals or in book-form are without life or substance. But are we to be persuaded from this that writers lack the capacity of handling themes other than love, or that, if they write dispensing with love, the stories are apt to leave the readers cold? It may be pointed out that the most trivial matter may be turned into good literature if only handled by the writer with sufficient skill. The Tamil novel entitled "Mami Goluvirukkai," written by the late Pandit Natesa Sastri may serve as an apt illustration of the above statement. The book must be quite familiar to the Tamil reading public. It may be remembered that it treats of no romantic love, but purely of domestic matters. We find in it no handsome young man meeting a handsome young woman

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and falling in love with her, but there is only a mother-in-law exercising her authority and treating harshly the poor daughter-in-law. In spite of the fact, however, that the whole story deals only with common domestic affairs, the novel is truly to be reckoned as one of the best books in Tamil literature. The author's literary gift has achieved it. All the characters in the story move and talk like the real men and women we see around us. Is it not clear then that this novel, not dealing at all with love, is a definite challenge to the notion that the public is asking for only love stories?

We have yet another and perhaps more telling example in that admirable book, "Cranford." It shows only too well how the element of love can be completely absent in a novel and yet the novel be quite enjoyable. The book is written by a lady. As I went through it I could not but be lost in wonder how a book in which there was hardly any story, and which had nothing of the usual attractions of the novel, could be so interesting. The author chose a peaceful little village, far from the city with its allurements, for a background; and a few old women with their silly habits, their small fears, joys and anxieties provided ample material for a complete novel. The women are all past fifty, and are old maids. Love and marriage are far from being familiar words to them. Yet how strange it is that our delight in the book is not a whit lessened by these facts!

We have, again, another instance of the 'story without love' in "Anandamath," the well-known novel by Bankim Chandra Chatterji, in Bengali. Love for one's country is the main theme of the story. The pages are full of such national fervour that the reader finds his own heart welling up with that great emotion. Writers, therefore, may well take for their themes such qualities as love of country, self-sacrifice, duty, etc.

It must be admitted that ample scope is provided for the imagination whenever there occurs a great change over the social, religious and political outlook of the people. It is then indeed that writers leave off the beaten track and venture along new paths. Writers in the West do not seem to be obsessed with the idea that love alone is a fruitful theme for a story. They write thrilling detective novels, stories of mysterious murders and the trials of murders, all of which we read with keen delight.

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It is needless to point out that the psychology of the child is a most interesting theme for the novelist. We have the works of the poet at Santiniketan, which speak eloquently for the statement. Can any except masters among writers presume to enter into the child's mind with such sympathy and understanding? What a vivid imagination is revealed in the "Kabuliwala" and such other stories?

In the West, the freedom with which men and women mix with each other is responsible for the demonstration of love between the sexes, and also for the rivalry and jealousy which invariably follow. Hence it is quite natural that the public is provided with a goodly number of such stories. The argument, however, hardly holds good with regard to conditions here. Love stories should rather be regarded as an aberration from a true depiction of social conditions, in a country where custom does not allow much familiarity between the sexes.

We must now alter the question slightly, and ask, rather, "Can we have pictures without love on the screen?" Evidently film-producers have concluded that pictures without love can hardly appeal to the 'taste' of the people. Else, they cannot think of inserting a love-scene between the Brahmin landlord and his wife, in "Nandanar," a purely devotional play!

Love is not the only emotion which gains mastery over the heart. There are other and stronger emotions to which the heart becomes a total slave. If Tamil writers realise this, they can succeed in breaking fresh ground, which may indeed prove a great gain to Tamil literature.

Uma and the Moon

BY RAMPROSAD

(Translated by Kalipada Mukherjee from the original poem in Bengali)

[A Vaidya by caste, Ramprosad Sen, the greatest of the Sakta singers of Bengal, was born in 1723 and died in 1775 in Hali-shahar near Calcutta. He learnt Bengali, Sanskrit, Persian and Hindi. He was a 'Tantrik,' and later in life practised 'yoga.' He presented his 'Vidyasundar Kavya' to Raja Krishnachandra of Nuddea, who conferred on him the title of 'Kaviranjan.']

O Lord of mountains, I can no longer console Uma.
She weeps, is sullen, and does not suck my milk;
neither does she take sweetened milk or cream or butter.

Towards the end of the night, the moon rose.
And Uma asked me to catch it for her.
Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her face became
pale.

How can the heart of a mother bear all this?

Catching me by the fingers, she calls me to go with her,
I know not where.
When I said it was impossible to catch the moon, she put
off her ornaments and beat me.

* * *

Girish¹ then rose up, and after soothing Uma, took her on
his lap.

Putting a mirror in her hands, he said, smiling, "Take,
my darling, take here the moon."

On seeing the reflection of her face which outshines
millions of moons in beauty, Uma went into ecstasies
with joy.

¹ According to the Hindu Puranas, Himalaya is 'Girish' or 'the king of mountains.' He married Mena or Manaka. From their union were born a son, Mainak, and two daughters, Ganga and Uma, both of whom were married to Mahadev or Siva. Vide Kalidas's 'Kumarasambhavam.'

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Says Ramprosad, "O how very blessed must they be who
have as their daughter the Mother of all the Worlds!"
Prattling the while, the Mother of the Worlds sleeps
comforted,
and at last is put in the bed.

Baby Star

BY SRIMATI LATIKA MUKERJI

(Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy from the original poem in Bengali)

In the harbour of stars at dusk
I am a budding star.
In moonlight's magic musk
I ope to love of the far.

I wake at fall of eve ;
Cloud-bosomed, I laugh and heave ;
Sometimes I draw their veil.
When darkling shadows I hail.

A lisping baby-star,
Homesick for the domeless Far!

A Bengali Baul-song

(Translated by Basudha Chakravarti¹)

Oh, you whose eagerness is turning into cruelty, do you
intend to roast the bud of mind in fire?
You appear to be in a hurry to make flowers blossom, to
spread their scent. Patience you have not.
But look at my great Guru, the Shah²: he takes ages to
make a bud blossom; not in a hurry is he.
Your greed is great; but all you can expect is punishment.
There is no way to save you.
Says Madan: This much I submit; it is no use forcing. He
who pursues an easy path can learn His message.
Know this, you who are so eager.

¹ 'Baul' is a sect of devotees who rose as a protest against institutional religion

² Lalan Shah Faguir, a famous devotee, hailing from Jessore in Bengal

Krishna's Anklets

BY RAIHANA TYABJI

(Translated by Dilip Kumar Roy from the original poem in Hindi)

Thy anklets ring around,
Whence—who can tell?
Like a trailing bell
Thy love's own footfalls sound!

In the sky at peace,
To cadences
Of thy Flute, O starry King,
My soul athrill would wing!

But does one know
When they outflow
And whither they are bound?

When in blind glooms
The cannon booms
From clouds' artillery,
Thy lightning-flares reply.

As the shadows drum
Thy anklets numb,
In sweetness the world is drowned.

My Love

BY DEVA-KULATTAR

*(Translated by P. N. Appuswami from the original
poem in Tamil)*

[This confession of the nature of her love is made by a mistress to her maid.]

Wider than the earth,
Higher than the heavens,
And deeper far than the unplumbed sea
Is my love for him,
On whose hill-slopes
Bees make rich honey
From the flowers of the dark-stemmed henna.

His Hill

BY AVVAI

*(Translated by P. N. Appuswami from the original
poem in Tamil)*

[A girl is love-lorn and sick. Her relations believe her to be troubled by the high gods, and seek the aid of a soothsayer to find out the cause of trouble. The soothsayer divines the true malady, and sings in praise of the hero's hill. The girl's maid asks the soothsayer to sing that song over again so that the relations may not miss the real cause.]

Oh soothsayer, soothsayer,
Whose long white locks
Are like sea-shells string :
Oh soothsayer, sing.
Sing now that song,
The song that sang
Of his mighty mountain.
Sing again.

War-Songs from the Tamil Classics

(Rendered from Tamil by Vidwan K. P. V. Krishnamacharya
and S. Rangaswami)

[The following translations from the *Pura-Nanuru*, an ancient Tamil classical anthology, compiled many hundred years ago, illustrate the martial qualities of the Tamil-speaking races in Southern India, and may be read with interest in these war-ridden days.]

I

The o'erflowing floods, no sluice can stop ;
The devastating fire, no safe refuge can avoid ;
The stormy wind, even the mightiest cannot bear :
Even so is the red anger of the Pandya King's warfare.

That the Tamil country is common land (to all the three
kings) he will not accept.

Before his advancing host, only chiefs who yield tribute
are bereft of fear.

They that have refused and lost his mercy
are indeed to be pitied—for they resemble
the winged white-ants escaping out of
their red-ant hills for a brief day's respite.

(*Pura-Nanuru*, Stanza 51)

II

Resting thine arm on a fine pillar in my little house,
Thou art asking me, "Madam! where is your dear son?"
Wherever my son might be, I know naught of it.

The mountain-cave where the tiger had once sojourned
knows as much now of the tiger's haunt as my womb
about my son.

In the battlefield only may'st thou meet him.

(*Pura-Nanuru*, Stanza 86)

WAR-SONGS FROM THE TAMIL CLASSICS

III

Once the spouse of a bright-faced girl, the lamp of her house,
This tall warrior stood with his conquering spear at the
battlefield's front.

His stone-image now brightens the war-camp, covered o'er
with leaves,
In the small village whose dry fields show but the slender
'nelli' trees.

Himself subject and king alike of that barren hamlet,
He stands guard o'er the disarrayed forces, bearing their
banner aloft.

A leader still he seems!

(*Pura-Nanuru*, Stanza 314)

A Dilapidated Fort

BY BALAKAVI

(Rendered by B. R. Deshpande, from the poem "Jirna Durga"
in Marathi)

Stretched in front, the gruesome citadel lies dilapidated.....
where, of old, lion-like men, brave and venturesome, their
dwellings made;
where Nerbudda rang through the echoing precipices,
told them of their duty, sang the songs of success.
Flowery beds were strewn in this very fort's pleasure-palaces
and when the fire of freedom flamed, all were burnt to ashes.
Their only goddess was their sharp sword-blade;
and to anoint it ever with blood, their creed.
Not only life but all that life is for
they gave, in their freedom's need.
Such heroes dwelt of old in this—in this very heap!
But now doth here some lowly priest the idol-goddess worship.
His hand besmears the image with sandal-paste, vermilion
powder mixed.
Drunk with intoxicating 'bhang,' he babbles a tale of old, inco-
herent and fixed, . . .
with feelings none—glad for a pie or two!
Such is the sport of time,
not here alone but everywhere!
In us too no feeling arises,
For we dwell in a dingy attic,
and that one rented!
And say we, contentedly,
'Why should such lowly creatures as ourselves great mansions
have?'

The Carmichael Case

(A SHORT STORY)

BY G. K. AMBADY

There is no reason now why the veil of mystery surround-
ing the Carmichael case should not at last be lifted. The fate
of Dr. Carmichael is no longer in doubt. The remnants of the
stratosphere balloon in which he made his ascent, to study
cosmic radiation, have been discovered and identified. Dr. James
Carmichael has joined that heroic group of men who have dared
to explore the unknown and made their last voyage. Even Sir
Julian Magnus, to whose confidence I am indebted for most of
the details, cannot object to what is, after all, and above all, a
vindication of his best friend.

The case, it will be remembered, when it came up before
the Coroner's court, was the sensation of the times. Dr. James
Carmichael, a medical biologist, was charged with the murder of
his research assistant, Jean Merrivale, in his flat in Cambridge.
Here she had been living with him for some time. The poor
friendless girl had been seduced and betrayed. The crime, it was
alleged, was the last act in an inhuman drama by which
Carmichael hoped to evade the responsibility of his betrayal
and honourable restitution to his victim. An "illegal operation,"
although not mentioned openly, was the corner-stone of the Police
theory. The motive and opportunity were clear; and when the
exhumation of the body was ordered, no one doubted that the
last link in the chain of evidence would be unearthed and the
ghastly crime brought to light.

The subsequent acquittal of Carmichael came as a com-
plete surprise. Particularly so, as, during the trial, Carmichael
had maintained a mulish, guilty silence. The exhumed body was
found to be well preserved, but the most expert examination
failed to disclose any traces of foul play. Apart from evidences
of lowered vitality, nothing tangible could be discovered. An
acquittal was thus inevitable, and the Carmichael case and Dr.
Carmichael himself were gradually relegated in the public mind

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to the limbo of unsolved mysteries. The British Medical Council, however, struck him off their register, for moral turpitude.

The last public appearance of Carmichael, before the proceedings of the Coroner's court had forced him into the lurid limelight of the press, was at the wedding of Julian Magnus to Pamela Manson. He was Julian's best man. They were old friends, bound by a curiously exclusive and steadfast comradeship. They had been together as undergraduates and shared many triumphs in college sports and farther afield. Carmichael had always been a difficult man to know, thoughtful, aloof and remote. But he had depths in him which were revealed in his rare flashes of understanding. Julian alone had been able to break through his reserve and had come to accept his friend almost as his 'alter ego.' When the storm broke over Carmichael, Julian was abroad on his honeymoon. On his hurried return he could find no tracks of his friend. Finally, he gave up all efforts to trace him: perhaps Carmichael himself desired to be left alone and forgotten.

Julian, nevertheless, felt the loss of his friend keenly. Now, in the fourth year of his marriage, a crisis was developing in his married life, and Carmichael was the one man who could have guided him right. His marriage had been happy, he loved his wife, and he was content to bask in the sunshine of her charm. They had no children, but this had been agreed upon, from the very beginning. Even before her marriage, the beautiful Pamela had enthroned herself as the Princess Charming of London Society. The very circumstances of her birth—her friends used to chaff her—marked her out for the limelight: she had been born a triplet, the only surviving one, the other two, after ceremoniously escorting her into this world, having decorously withdrawn. Since her marriage, the Magnus millions had been a further accession of strength. Nor did she take her social duties lightly, believing that privileges entailed responsibilities. Not without reason, for it was said that her sojourn once in an obscure continental winter resort had helped to put it on the fashionable map, and that in her absence the wine of the London season lost some of its bouquet.

The prospect of having no child of his own had, however, ceased to obsess Julian. He was well-nigh reconciled to

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it, till that fateful evening when, driving home in a taxi from the theatre, Pamela had told him that she had discovered that she was with child. One crowded, transcendent moment of joy was his. The thrill of boundless hope, the surge of gratitude towards the mother of his child, nearly choked him—when disillusionment came like a blow. In her quiet manner, sweetly reasonable, almost maternally tender, she had whispered that he must see that it was impossible—she was not sure that it was not even dangerous—for her to have a child. She knew how inconsolable he would be, and yet she must look to him to take the necessary measures—there was no urgency yet—to relieve her from a condition which she dreaded she would not be able to sustain for long.

A creeping sense of futility and defeat gradually enveloped Julian. It was a wonder he did not break up under the strain. It may have been his astounding vitality. More than that perhaps, a blind, desperate faith that the blow would somehow be averted, he had not deserved it. He was sinking into the depths of despair when the miracle happened. Carmichael turned up, as manna from heaven. There had been moments when, in his consuming sorrow, his deranged mind had conjured up a spectre of Carmichael, white-robed, with a scalpel in his hand. That was a nightmare, a treacherous concoction of the devil. That was past. His faith in Carmichael shone bright as a light, and that light would henceforth guide him.

Pamela was out of town at the time. Not once had they referred again to the fateful evening. Carmichael had dropped in, as if nothing had happened since he stood beside Julian four years ago as his best man—stood in the dock with the shadow of the halter round his neck. Neither could find words at first to speak. They gripped each other's hands, and then for some minutes the routine of social formalities came to their aid to cloak the fire of their intense friendship.

When they had settled down and Carmichael began to talk, it was as if he was musing aloud rather than addressing Julian. He stared into the fire and spoke jerkily:

"I had to regenerate myself before I could again face the world. The French Academy has been good to me. They allowed me to continue my research work and respected my desire to remain incognito. I am now to make an ascent into the strato-

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sphere. The balloon is not ready yet and I thought I should have a respite. Besides, I wanted to see you.

"The ascent of course is not free from danger. But it is the last stage of my present research, the journey's end, a journey that began with my pathological work at Queen Charlotte's. You must have wondered why I left Charlotte's suddenly. The practice of medicine and the science of healing meant the same thing to me then. The professional aspect, the vocational exigencies, had not occurred to me. Doctors also must live; they make what they can, by retailing prescriptions from the vast resources of the pharmacopoeia. The surgeons have a more subtle and less obvious technique. Tonsils in childhood, circumcision in boyhood and appendix in adolescence—all removed at so many guineas a time. Whether the patients did well or not, the surgeons certainly did well. Now of course the physicians have their injections. Pasteur, Lister and so on are the professed gods, but Mammon is the ruling deity. There are many true worshippers, but the pharisees are to the front.

"Well, I had not the stomach for it. It nauseated me. Fortunately I was able to pick up that biological research fellowship at Cambridge and it gave me the chance to go deeper into my subject. The fundamental unity of plan in nature had always fascinated me. Biologically every living thing begins as an egg. Take a cold-blooded animal such as a frog. A frog's spawn looks like a heap of small crystals. The size of these eggs and the yolk are small compared with a bird's egg, small in proportion to the life-spot, that is the embryo. At the end of about a week the egg hatches. The creature that comes out, however, is not a frog but a tadpole, and it grows and changes into a frog outside, getting its own food while it develops and changes. In the case of a bird, after the egg has been laid, all the development takes place inside the egg shell, and when the chicken comes out it is really a bird. The three stages of development in the case of a frog—inside the mother's womb, then as spawn, and finally the stage of free independent existence while growing and transforming into a frog—these are reduced to two in the case of a bird, and further still to one in the case of mammals. The mammalian young comes out of its mother's womb, complete. But it is not to be supposed that this proves a diversity rather than a unity of plan. While

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the mother frog does not sit on her eggs, the glassy covering over the life spot, the embryo corresponding partly to the white of an egg and functioning as a protective shell, enables the sun's rays to be directed to the embryo—similar to the action of a magnifying lens—enough to warm it up and help it to grow. In the case of the more evolved mammal, a more perfect hatching takes place in the intimate protection of the womb itself.

"The amniotic membrane of the mother corresponds to the egg shell. If the development of the embryo could be accelerated, the membrane calcified, and the last stage of growth ensured in an incubator, it was obvious that the pain and labour of maternity as well as the period of gestation could be considerably curtailed. No new technique is required for the last two processes. As regards the first, the problem is to provide a suitable source of energy which, while accelerating the growth of the embryo, would not put an undue strain on the mother. Here it occurred to me that cosmic radiation offered a solution. It is the most intense and penetrative form of energy known, and its influence in biological mutations is not questioned. Millikan has suggested that cosmic radiations may be the result of aggregations of hydrogen atoms condensing into helium, a process constantly going on in the universe. He described these radiations as the "birth-cry of atoms," a significant phrase. That gave me a line of action. If nothing else, these ultra short radiations would certainly help to fix the calcium in the system. It may be that these radiations themselves are one of the sources of energy for the birds of the air and the fish of the sea which are more receptive of natural influences than man in his artificial surroundings and draperies.

"I started my experiments with mice, those much maligned and humble creatures which have so often collaborated with man in the cause of knowledge. Priestley used them in his discovery of oxygen for the first time: I used them for a daring biological adventure. I had a piece of luck when Jean joined me as research assistant. She brought to the work an imaginative intuition which was precious. It was gruelling hard work for both of us, but, beyond our wildest expectations, we were rewarded by a progeny of eggs by the mammalian mice!"

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(I have recently seen part of Carmichael's scientific papers and miscellaneous collections, in the custody of Julian Magnus. One curious item is an egg carefully kept in a specially prepared air-tight glass jar. The egg was no bigger than a pigeon's, but the mottled design of brown spots on it was strange to me. By the convenient arrangement of a focussed light, a more accurate examination was possible. Inside the shell could then be distinctly seen a small embryo, vaguely resembling a mouse, surrounded by an yellowish white fluid. There was something like a large bubble at the apex into which emerged what seemed to be the nose of the embryo.)

Carmichael continued:

"The details of the work had been kept a well guarded secret. I had known for some time that the long and unorthodox hours which we kept in the 'lab' had given rise to some salacious gossip, hinting that our work was a cloak for a species of biological experience of a more personal and intimate nature. I did not let this bother me at first, but point was given to this talk by a growing lassitude which was becoming apparent in Jean herself. Soon I was faced with the truth One evening she completely broke down, and confessed to me that she was with child. She was on the border of hysteria, and talked of taking her own life. In the state she was in, after the phenomenal strain of our research work, I could not but feel that she might do something hasty. More as an immediate way out, rather than a final solution, I suggested that she should, for the time being, come and stay with me.

"Looking back, I do not know, even today, what else I could have done. My conscience was clear and my reactions had always been against keeping up appearances. I was not worried a bit, except for space. It was naturally cramped in the flat, but we managed. The problem of the expected child was still with us. In the end it was she who suggested that our experiments with mice should now be repeated on her.

"Ethically, I suppose, I should not have agreed to this monstrous suggestion. But the fire of scientific curiosity was burning too strong, and here was an opportunity in a million. And so the final decision was made, and the most questionable step ever taken in experimental verification was initiated.

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"One day Jean did not feel well enough to accompany me to the 'lab.' When I returned home in the evening, something seemed amiss. She was not about. Since she came to stay with me, one of us would leave the 'lab' first, while the other remained to tidy up, and there would be a cup of tea waiting for the late comer. I suppose if a man lets a woman cross his threshold, he must be prepared for some innovation in the domestic routine. Mostly it was Jean who left first to prepare our tea, and I had come to expect some refreshment and an atmosphere of homeliness on my return each day.

"On going into her bedroom, I found her in bed. Her eyes were open and there was an unnatural look in them. She was either asleep or more probably in a stupor. I lifted the bed-sheet to feel her pulse, and what I saw froze the whole of my being Between her breasts, lay, caressed, an egg, pale pink, and no bigger than that of an ostrich, protected gently by her nervous hands. I stood there, lost and bewildered, before the truth broke upon me. The human experiment had succeeded, just as in the case of the mice. I replaced the bed-sheet and left the room."

(Julian told me afterwards that, while listening to Carmichael, he felt as if Carmichael had taken him by the hand and was leading him through an emotional experience. He had no idea of their destination, but it fascinated him. . . .)

"When she awoke, it soon became clear that her reason was impaired by what must have been a great shock to her. She never regained her full consciousness before she expired next morning. It never occurred to me then that what a woman wants is not a scientific success but the fulfilment of her being—a child of her own flesh. Something which needed her, which had to be cared for, which would cry, laugh, excrete—which would fall ill and drive her crazy with anxiety, a bit of original sin, but something human, and a piece of herself. I had not realised this. I had subjected Jean, as I had subjected the mice, to a cold-blooded biological experiment.

"From her delirious, heart-broken murmurings I could piece a few details together. It seemed that she had loved me, but had been engaged to marry a London stockbroker to whom she was obliged for her support and education. The whole thing was a farrago of contradictions. Loving me—unknown to

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myself—she had given herself to her stockbroker fiancé. The talk of suicide was apparently a ruse to force her way into my flat. Once compromised she must have felt that I would offer her consolation. When I did not, her suggestion of the experiment on herself was the last attempt to force the issue. I was blind. The poor girl wanted love, and life for herself and life for her child, and I could not see. I gave her a mammalian egg instead! All her hatred for her seducer, all her repressions and despair were concentrated in that wild accusing look which never left her tearless eyes.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow, Julian. . . . My success in experimental science, for which I had laboured, which had made me arrogant, turned into ashes in my mouth. I had been worshipping false gods, just as much as those I had raved against. God had made his law, how man shall multiply and in what appointed time. Through all changes, one thing is changeless and supreme—human nature. What does not conform to our biological destiny is a complex, a phobia, a conflict or a neurosis."

Julian listened in breathless silence. Was this the destination, the message he had been waiting for? Had Carmichael divined his spiritual crisis? A neurosis, a complex or a phobia! Born a triplet, the only surviving one—the haunting dread of danger, the danger of child-birth! What a fool he had been! She had come to him with her fear, for support and strength. Poor, poor Pam! The scales fell from his eyes. Her recent interest in hospitals, charity balls for maternity homes: there was no longer a puzzle. Carmichael had talked of God. None of them had any background of confidence outside themselves; when they were confronted with a crisis they crashed into futile, criminal escapism. He had been a fool and a coward, but thank God that was over and done with.

Carmichael was visibly affected. He had talked as if impelled by some external force. A spiritual light shone in his eyes. When he spoke again, it was hardly more than a whisper:

"So I had to regenerate myself. . . . It is the goal that matters, it must be a true goal—success or defeat is immaterial. There is not much more to tell. After Jean's funeral, I thought a chapter was closed. But I had reckoned without my stockbroker friend. I had sent him a telegram—I had discovered

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his address from Jean's papers—but he had not come for the funeral. Two days later he turned up, with a companion whom I had no difficulty in associating with Scotland Yard. His conscience must have goaded him to discover a scapegoat. His action cannot be explained on the basis of personal vindictiveness—we were practically strangers. It was, I suppose, the mental mechanism of displacement, fathering his sin, for the benefit of his conscience, on me. I deserved it. You know what happened afterwards. They could not even prove that Jean had been an expectant mother! The experiment was so perfect a success that nothing tangible could be discovered."

Carmichael's stay in London was cut short by a telegram from Paris and he left abruptly. But Julian's problem was solved. Carmichael had solved it. In the appointed time there was a pair of healthy, high-kicking, identical twins. A careless nurse mixed the two of them in their bath. And now Solomon himself will not be able to decide which of the two youngsters should by right succeed to the baronetcy!

“*Shakuntala*”—Its Tragedy

BY VANSHIDHAR VIDYALANKAR

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There are very few old dramatic pieces of the world on which such universal approbation has been bestowed for the sublimity and picturesqueness of artistic expression, loveliness and sweetness of elegant poetry—breathing pleasant and tender emotions, dainty and rapturous feelings, and deep and sorrowful sentiments—as the “*Shakuntala*” of Kalidasa. It is one of those great dramas which enjoy an international reputation. When Europe and the world at large knew practically nothing of the great artistic achievements of the stage in India, it was the “*Shakuntala*” of Kalidasa that gave evidence of the magnificent wealth of the dramatic composition that India so richly possessed.

It will not be any exaggeration to remark that the study of Sanskrit language and literature received a great impetus and opened up new vistas to progressive and extensive research work, not long after a translation of the “*Shakuntala*” into English by Sir William Jones reached the shores of Europe. Through this one drama, Kalidasa was able to secure a permanent place amongst the greatest poets and playwrights of the world. It is through such unique literary creations that a language, a nation and a country are truly enriched and made immortal.

A great work of art is a blessing to him who creates and to him who enjoys it. From age to age it is bequeathed with great pride as a precious and noble heritage to the great mass of humanity. The very feeling of joy begins to throb with life, gets adequately rewarded and sparkles in its full gleam and splendour when the charm of an artistic royal beauty is exquisitely realised in its consummate richness. If it is true to say that the highest creation of God is man, it is also equally true to say that the highest achievement of man is art. By means of art the very soul of man finds expression and lives through eternity.

The “*Shakuntala*” possesses, even after the lapse of many centuries, the same blooming freshness, radiant vitality, enraptur-

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ing grace, exhilarating delicacy and conspicuous originality, which it had when it first made its appearance. Though so much water has flowed under the bridges and so many upheavals have changed the face of the world, this drama of Kalidasa continues to have the same vigorous hold and to cast the same overpowering spell over the minds of men as it did on the day of its first appearance. The beauty of the “*Shakuntala*” is as much a source of delight to great poets and dramatists of the present day as it was to those of the past. Its appeal is so soul-stirring, its charm so transcendental, its poetry so unsurpassed and its pathos so touching that it is hardly possible to realise its full value, importance and significance even at this day. In it human passions, emotions and sentiments have found their exquisite reflection in their natural and universal colour. It is imbued with such an evergrowing adaptability and incisive liveliness, that every age is apt to regard it as peculiarly its own.

The “*Shakuntala*” presents a tale of love which on one side is innocent, chaste, unsophisticated and romantic, and on the other artful, frail, insidious and unimaginative. It strikes a note which is profoundly serene and immeasurably entertaining, but is at the same time oppressively tragic and inexpressibly tearful. Nowhere has love been portrayed in such attractive and repulsive colours. Love appears to be nothing but a shocking and painful contradiction in this drama. Just at the time when love desires to fulfil its destined purpose, it meets with a calamitous accident from which even its later fortunate escape does not enable it to rise to its natural altitude and secure its original position. It appears as if love, wearing its best apparel and laurels, is lustily on its way to the Court of Spring to display its full majesty, when unexpectedly it falls into a catastrophe, with all its clothes spoiled, flowers crushed and face disfigured, so that even its subsequent recovery does not restore it to its primitive charm. It is really tragic to find in this story that love has to go to knock at its own door and fails to get a spontaneous response, and when somehow the response comes, all its warmth, enthusiasm and spontaneity appear to have vanished.

It is generally affirmed by eminent scholars—Western and Indian—that tragedy was not known to Sanskrit dramatists. Tragedy presents a realistic view of life, and breathes emotions

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and passions of such a type as possess a swaying power to stir the inmost depths of the heart of mankind as nothing else can. The absence of this factor has led many critics to believe that Sanskrit Drama lacks a close touch with real life. They also assert that Sanskrit Drama is more or less a conventional literary form presented in a most conventional manner. In their opinion, it is a creation of elaborate art and poetic ingenuity. Instead of laying bare to the view, with eloquent and forceful simplicity, the real aspects of human life, it endeavours to screen it from sight behind an ornamental veil which, however beautiful and inspiring, breathes an air of artificiality. It fails to bring forth any significant motif. At best it may prove a delightful treat, but it does not contain the true reflection of real life.

From one point of view there may be some truth in these assertions, but, when all is said and done, it may be found that the close acquaintance of a critic with one form of art so estranges him from other unknown or less known forms that his opinion is rendered generally defective. The deep appreciation of the one makes him unconsciously so one-sided and prejudiced that he cannot do full justice to the other to which he is more or less a stranger.

In Europe, drama has been chiefly divided into two classes—comedy and tragedy. In India, drama has been divided into nine classes. The class of a drama is determined by the Rasa or sentiment which the poet or playwright chiefly intends to embody in his drama. As there are nine Rasas or sentiments according to Sanskrit rhetoricians—drama also falls into nine classes. In these sentiments there is one called “Karuna-Rasa” or the sentiment of pathos. The drama which predominantly portrays and evokes the emotions or sentiments of pathos is a drama that belongs to this class. As tragedy invokes the feelings of pity, naturally it comes under the category of the drama of ‘Karuna.’ Bharata-Muni, the famous originator of “Natyashastra” in Sanskrit, discussing the origin of the sentiment of pathos, remarks:

“Pathos arises from the permanent mood of sorrow, and this sorrow results from curse, calamity, separation from relatives, loss of property, murder, defeat, disease and ill-luck.”

And again:

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“The sentiment of pathos springs up in seeing the process of one’s own dear ones being killed or in hearing some distressing news or such other causes.”

Sharadatanaya repeats the same thing in his “Bhava-prakashanam,” adding a few more sources of the sentiment of ‘Karuna.’ Sharadatanaya is supposed to belong to the early part of the twelfth century.

“Sorrow is the soul of pathos”

“This sorrow springs from various causes, viz., the separation from one’s beloved and dear people, curse, catastrophe, murder of one’s beloved, death of a son and other relatives, loss of money, loss of kingdom and country, and other such calamities, misfortune, poverty, disease and such other causes.”

Vishwanatha, in his “Sahitya-Darpana,” sums up the whole thing in this way:

“From the ruin of the desired and from the happening of the undesired the sentiment of pathos springs.”

Thus it is clear that what is characterized as tragedy in European criticism is in essence only a drama of Karuna-Rasa or the sentiment of pathos. There may be differences in details, in the technique or the construction, but to say that tragedy was absolutely unknown to Sanskrit dramatists is simply ignoring facts.

For further elucidation of this point, I quote Bharata-Muni again to show how “Maranam” or death should be enacted:

“Death may be brought about either by disease or killing. In killing also there are various types of representation. It may take place with a weapon, snake-bite, poisoning, falling down from the back of an elephant or the top of a mountain, mauling up by a beast. If death is inflicted by a weapon it should be enacted by the actor by falling on the ground, trembling, twitching, struggling, etc.”

Giving detailed instructions as to the enacting of death in each of the cases mentioned above, he concludes:

“So death can be brought about by various agencies. The skilled actor should represent it with such sentiments and gestures as may perfectly harmonize with the occasion.”

Many Sanskrit dramatists have introduced death in their dramas. Bhasa has shown the death of King Dasharatha in the III Act of his “Pratima-Nataka”, the death of Duryodhana in his “Urubhanga,” and the death of Bali in his “Abhisheka-Nataka”.

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Thus he has presented death in many of his dramas. In later dramas, efforts were made to present the shadow of death on the stage—though actual death was usually avoided. In the "Ratnavali," Sagarika, the heroine endeavours to commit suicide by placing a noose round her neck, and in the "Mrichchhakatika," Vasantasena is strangled by Shakar in the Pushpakaranda garden, and left for dead. Other instances can be cited from other dramas.

It is true that some later authorities on Sanskrit Drama mention clearly that death should not be presented, but it does not appear to have been a universally accepted principle. Thus Ramchandra Suri says in his "Natya-Darpana": "Death should not be staged." Vishwanatha in his "Sahitya-Darpana" says, "Death is not brought forth, as it mars the development of a sentiment," and Sharadatanaya clearly mentions in his "Bhava-Prakashanam" that certain scholars have precluded death from being shown on the stage.

So it is evident that it was not a universally accepted principle. Why later dramatists tabooed the presentation of death on the stage requires investigation. Whether it is due to Buddhistic or Jain influences, or to some artistic considerations, cannot be easily determined. But from the quotation given above from the "Natya-Shastra" of Bharata, urging clearly that "Death may be staged," and from what Ramchandra Suri, a Jain scholar, says in his "Natya-Darpana": "Death should not be staged," it is obvious that there must have been certain influences at work responsible for these diametrically opposed views on the question. I hope to deal with this subject on some other occasion.

From the above it can be said without any fear of contradiction that a drama which belongs to the class of Karuna-Rasa or the sentiment of pathos is a tragedy. It always revolves round a calamity which, though not necessarily fatal, is capable of exciting terror and pity, which according to Aristotle are the essence of tragedy. It may not be a tragedy in the full Shakespearean sense. But it cannot be termed by any other name.

In Greek tragedy we see the hero and Fate in conflict. In the drama of "Shakuntala," we see the heroine Shakuntala in conflict with her fate. In the original story of the "Maha-

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bharata" the caprice of King Dushyanta is responsible for creating the tragedy of Shakuntala's life; but in this drama, the poet by his skilfulness has changed the plot of the story, making the curse of Durvasa accountable for all the cruelty that was shown to poor Shakuntala, to culminate in a great disaster. This curse—as the fates would have it—is known neither to Dushyanta nor to Shakuntala. It becomes the pivot on which the whole tragedy turns. I have already made a reference to the fact that the curse is one of the agencies that go to evolve a tragedy in Sanskrit.

Many reviewers and commentators regard the "Shakuntala" as a drama chiefly of Shringar-Rasa or the sentiment of love. I differ from this view. This drama, though it deals with the sentiment of love, is predominantly a drama of pathos or Karuna-Rasa. The very feeling of love has received such a heavy blow in this play, which, though not fatal, is not therefore less tragic and fearful. If a cure, after all, is found for a fatal disease, it does not mean that because of that cure the disease becomes less formidable and less painful.

There is a traditional dictum the purport of which is that in developing the sentiment of pathos the "Uttar-Ramcharita" of Bhavabhuti is a drama of unsurpassed excellence. That may be so, but in our opinion, with all its remarkable wealth of soul-stirring poetry, the pathos of the "Uttar-Ramcharita" fails to come up to that climax to which the "Shakuntala" of Kalidasa leads. The pathos of this situation is inhuman and unkind. Although technically it may be called a comedy, it is a great tragedy. The happiness which comes in the end is not only unexpected but appears to be bereft of all its innate warmth and charm. Death is not the only agency that can turn a drama into tragedy. As a man could live a life of such abject misery compared to which death would at any time be preferable and more welcome, likewise a drama also without death can create such a wretched and shocking sorrow before which the affliction caused by death will pale into utter insignificance. When at last, in this play, love finds its wings of happiness, it is to come down to common earth rather than to go up into its cherished heaven.

Critics often say that the fourth Act of the "Shakuntala" is the finest and most touching. It is generally remarked with regard to this drama:

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"Compared to "Kavyas" drama is beautiful; amongst dramas "Shakuntala" excels; in the "Shakuntala," the fourth Act, and in the fourth Act the four verses."

In this fourth Act the poet has depicted the scene of a girl when she leaves the house of her parents and bids them farewell. Undoubtedly this is a pathetic scene. On one side parents take leave of a "sweet limb" of their own, and on the other the girl bids farewell to her parents, friends, companions and the house where she spent all her childhood. This is one of the great pathetic moments in life and so there is hardly a man so stone-hearted as not to melt into tears on such an occasion. It is really doubtful whether any poet has succeeded or can succeed in presenting this scene in such masterful and artistic diction as Kalidasa has created. He is seen at his best in the presenting of this scene on the stage.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the fourth Act of this drama is one of the finest in the whole of Sanskrit Drama. But we hold that the poet has not exhibited that deep touch of pathos in this Act, which he has in the fifth Act of this drama. The fourth Act of the "Shakuntala" is undoubtedly pathetic, but the fifth Act is most cruelly tragic. In the fifth Act the pathos, which has its beginning in the fourth, reaches its climax.

When a girl bids good-bye to her parents, her parents, though sad, feel in the inmost depths of their heart a sense of satisfaction, as they know that she is going to the house of her beloved, or, in other words, to her own house. For this, blessings of continued "Soubhagya" from all quarters are bestowed on her. The girl also, while feeling uneasy and unhappy, experiences in a corner of her heart a thrilling sensation of joy in going to her beloved. This sensation brings her consolation and comfort, and instinctively makes all the pain and distress of parting from parents light and endurable. Of course, this parting brings sorrow, but this very sorrow whispers of a delight which for the moment remains veiled like the face of a very beautiful new bride. This is a sorrow which is the dawn of a new happiness that silently smiles across the corners of the tearful eyes. This is a sorrow, the end of which obviously appears to be in sight. But in the fifth Act the sorrow which has been let loose on the stage knows no hope, in those circumstances,

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Perhaps it could not be ended on earth, and so the poet has had to end it in heaven. Even the smallest recollection of this sorrow makes the mind uneasy and disconsolate.

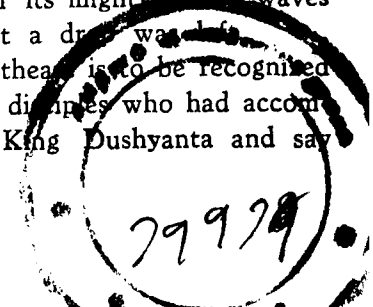
In this fifth Act, Shakuntala reaches the house of her husband—a husband who made her the sole empress of the great kingdom of his love, who regarded her as the very glory of his family:

"Though I have many queens—yet two alone amongst them are the glory of my line; the earth wearing the girdle of the ocean and Shakuntala, this friend of yours."

She has just bidden good-bye to her father, her companions and the ashram where she had passed all her life. The recollections of this parting scene are fresh and are weighing greatly on her mind. Along with two disciples of her father and Gautami, the matron of the Ashram, she goes to the court of King Dushyanta. Her heart is throbbing with sweet and happy emotions. She is on the way to the heaven-like place of her beloved. Who can guess her aspiring hopes and cherished feeling?

When at last she arrives at the court of King Dushyanta and is allowed audience, she feels broken-hearted to find that the king does not recognize her. Oh, who could imagine that the heart would retain its warmth and continue to work as usual even when its regular beatings had come to a dreadful stop! The king looks at Shakuntala and remains indifferent. Instead of according her a hearty welcome, he asks her bluntly who she is. And this to a woman with whom, forgetting all his kingly dignity and duty, he had played all sorts of love-sports just a few days before; with whom he had bound himself in holy matrimonial alliance without the permission of her father, offering his kingship as a guarantee for his sincerity. Today, his seed within her womb, she comes before him, and he remains completely unaffected, unconcerned, and looks askance at her, and knows not who she is. The king, who used to think of her only to the exclusion of all other objects until yesterday, does not experience any sensation in his mind even when she comes before him. That deep sea of love with its mighty rolling waves had got so suddenly dried up that not a drop was left.

What pity! Even one's own sweetheart is to be recognized and needs a formal introduction. The disciples who had accompanied her introduce Shakuntala to King Dushyanta and say



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she is Shakuntala, the latter's lawful wife. But the king sits silent, is unable to know the reality and so ruthlessly puts the question "What is the matter?" Shakuntala cannot believe her senses, and is cut to the heart. "Is he speaking or emitting forth fire?" she contemplates in her mind. Poor Gautami, the matron of the Ashram, thinks that as the face of Shakuntala is covered with a veil—the king is unable to recognize her. How could poor Gautami imagine that in fact it was the intellect of the king that was wrapped in a shroud of forgetfulness? She desires to remove the veil from the face of Shakuntala, saying:

"Child, lay aside for a while your bashfulness. I remove the veil so that your husband may recognize you."

The veil is accordingly taken off, and the king sees Shakuntala, face to face. For a brief spell the beauty of the face of Shakuntala fascinates him but, with all its unblemished loveliness, it fails to lift the cloud off his mind, which alone would have made her recognition possible. Shakuntala now begins to deplore her fate. On the spur of the moment she recollects a token—the ring which was presented to her by the king—and a hope comes back to warm her heart. But sooner than she imagines, she is disillusioned to discover that the ring is no more on her finger—as perhaps it had slipped off while she offered homage to the water of Shachiteertha. Here her ill-fate also appears to have conspired with the curse of Durvasa to precipitate a disaster which otherwise could easily have been averted. If the poet had intended to make this drama a comedy, he would not have made Shakuntala lose that token of recognition, which shown, all misgivings about her would have been dissipated at once. It is clear that, by doing so, Kalidasa wanted to close all avenues of saving Shakuntala from the impending catastrophe. Hitherto Shakuntala was helpless, but now she becomes hopeless. "What is the use of recalling to his mind the recollections of our sweet love when I myself stand unrecognized and condemned?" she whispers. This hopelessness makes her desperate and bold. Shakuntala, taking courage, begins to unbosom the sweet tales of their love and his attachment for her, but it is to no purpose. It was all hoping against hope. The king remains absolutely unmoved, unconcerned and cold, and adds fuel

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to the fire, callously remarking that these are the fanciful fabrications of her own mind. With this he shows his utter inability to take her into his house under any plea.

Gautami feels greatly perplexed, and cannot decide as to what should be done. The disciples of the sage regard that their duty was only to take Shakuntala to her husband, and, it being done, that they had no right to interfere. It rests now entirely with her husband whether to give her shelter or not. After making this decision they set out for their Ashram without uttering a word of consolation to Shakuntala. Poor, helpless, broken-hearted Shakuntala, writhing with shame and agony, driven to utter despair, wants to follow them, but they also in their turn rebuke her at the top of their voice in such cruel, shocking and painful terms that she becomes horrified and benumbed:

"O, you wanton girl, do you wish to assume independence?"

"If you are such as the king says—you are a disgrace to the family of your father. What can your father do with you? But if you believe that you are true and your conduct irreproachable, it is up to you to pass your life even as a slave in the house of your husband."

In the first place, she is not recognized when she goes to him; then even after introduction she is not recognized; then the veil is removed from her face and the king sees her face to face. She fascinates him but is still not recognized. Then the ring on which she pins all her hopes is discovered to be missing. Giving way to despair and helplessness, and then, gathering courage, she unbosoms the tales of their mutual sweet love, without creating any impression on his mind, and he not only does not recognize her but also repudiates categorically all the 'stories' and refuses to take her into his house on any pretext; and finally her own kith and kin also repudiate her in a most appalling manner and are not prepared to allow her to accompany them; in this way the flood of pathos rises, till at last it overflows its banks sweeping away everything before it.

The unkindness displayed by Shakuntala's own people in refusing to take her along with them is as unexpected as it is inhuman. Perhaps without it the whole scene would not have reached this height of cruel pathos. Theirs was "the unkindest cut of all." Now what should Shakuntala do? Where should she go? Neither her husband nor her own people are prepared to

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give her shelter. Shakuntala, who is pregnant, has been ruthlessly spurned by her husband and her people alike. Though she has a father, poor Shakuntala becomes worse than an orphan, and, despite the fact that she had her husband, she becomes worse than a widow. We do not know of any other poet who has depicted a scene of such miserable helplessness so touchingly. She has no place to live on this earth. She begins to cry aloud, throwing up her hands and praying to Mother Earth to open a grave for her. If she had been killed or had committed suicide, her condition would have been no worse. At long last, to relieve her of this unbearable agony, her mother, Menaka, descends like a flash of lightning and takes her child to heaven.

The poet has taken his heroine from a holy hermitage, so that her transparent innocence, unquestionable chastity, utter simplicity and total ignorance of evil or sin might make this story all the more pathetic. The description of her matchless beauty, the bewitching pictures of spontaneous love, and the fact that she was pregnant add to the pity that we feel for her. And on the top of it comes this cruelty which, being unintended, appears to be innocent, as it is the outcome of the curse of Durvasa. And therefore it operates with the force and blindness of a machine. It is really doubtful whether the king in his senses could ever descend to such depths of inhumanity wilfully.

We have given this part of the story in detail in order to clearly set forth our view-point. Does the pathetic scene of the fourth Act bear any comparison to that of the fifth? The former appears to be nothing but a short prelude to the latter. The scene in the fifth Act is so shocking and horrifying that we can hardly conjure up a scene to match it.

When in the sixth Act Dushyanta gets the ring that he had presented to Shakuntala, and his memory of her comes back to him, he vividly calls to his mind that picture of Shakuntala when she stood condemned and deserted by all:

"When I had discarded her, she attempted to follow her relatives. But those relatives, the disciples of the sage, in burning wrath, bade her stop, and thus they also discarded her. Then again she cast a glance at my cruel self, her eyes dim with the flowing tears. It is this glance that haunts me and pains me, like the point of an arrow touched with poison."

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This painful and haunting glance, full of tears, reflecting utter helplessness, is the "Shakuntala" of Kalidasa. This sorrowful figure, discarded both by her husband and her own relatives, receiving no support from any quarter and owning no place to live in this world, is the "Shakuntala" of Kalidasa. This "Shakuntala" is a magnificent living picture of the infinite helplessness and irremediable weaknesses of humankind. Having been visualized thus, the tears that spontaneously gushed forth from the eyes of the poet have become transformed into this pathetic drama. Nature has set certain limitations to woman, which man always takes advantage of, and poor woman is helplessly and hopelessly left to her sad fate. We are not sure whether, even in this age, woman has found out any effective remedy which, while providing a perfect safeguard for her inherent and inescapable weakness, may uphold her honour intact and inviolate.

It may be contended that, if Dushyanta could not recognize his beloved, it was due to the curse of Durvasa and so he could not be held responsible for all that followed. Of course, it is the curse which has chiefly played havoc in this play, which fact, as stated above, is one of the sources of the sentiment of pathos. In this article, we do not desire to deal with this issue, though from the study of the "Mahabharata," Dushyanta on no pretext can be exonerated from this guilt. In the 'Adiparva' of the "Mahabharata," it is clearly set forth that, though Dushyanta fully recognized Shakuntala, he disclaimed all knowledge of her.

"After listening to what she said, the king, in spite of fully recognizing her, disowned her."

But is it possible that such a love as this can ever be forgotten or eclipsed? And does it require any recognition? Does it call for evidence like that of a ring to evoke its sweet memory? It is just as if we should run for a small candle to see the brilliance of the sun. What else can be more surprisingly painful than to find that, when his beloved in person stands face to face before him, the chords of his heart remain untouched, but that with the recovery of the ring all the memory of her comes back to him? It is as though he could identify the ring but not his own sweetheart. The very necessity of a means to call back the memory of that ever-refreshing and unforgettable love proves it stale, untrustworthy and deplorable.

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Kalidasa with his ingenious skill has so cast up the plot that the whole phenomenon assumes totally a different complexion. The curse of Durvasa figures as the most potent thing in this drama, but in fact it becomes a blessing in disguise. With the recovery of the ring the poet breathes a sigh of relief, brings their union into the pale of possibility, and the curse of the sage becomes ineffective. In the sky of the mind of Dushyanta gathers a storm of the memory of Shakuntala, and there flows a heavy downpour of tears through his eyes. He weeps despairingly, without any solace. He cannot undo what he has done. He feels stunned, and cannot believe that he could be so cruel as to disavow his own self.

Dushyanta would never have been able to know the atrocity that he has so cruelly perpetrated on Shakuntala, had not the effect of the curse been removed with the recovery of the ring. It is through the intervention of Indra, the poet manages, that the re-action is not allowed to run its full course. Otherwise, it needs little imagination to guess what extremes this unending and irremediable sorrow would have led Dushyanta to. Matali, the charioteer of Indra, takes him to heaven, and there with the help of the gods and supernatural forces, the hope of the reunion, which to all intents and purposes had died out, comes to life again.

In the seventh Act, on the Hemkuta mountain in Heaven, in the midst of beautiful nymphs, Dushyanta sees first his own child and then Shakuntala with her uncombed hair tied into a pretty knot. He falls at her feet as if to beg for forgiveness. Shakuntala begs him not to. She accuses her own fate. In the course of their conversation, she wants to know how, after all, she, the unhappy being, was recognized. The king recounts the whole story, showing the ring, and requests her to wear that again on her finger. To this she gives a very significant reply:

"I have lost all faith in it. My lord should himself wear it now."

Thus she inflicts a hard punishment on the ring by refusing to wear it on her finger, though, if the ring had not been recovered, the curse of Durvasa could not have been revoked at all!

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But when love itself can be forgotten, what trust can be reposed in petty articles like the ring? Love, which does not make itself felt, like one's own life, can never be characterized as love. The proof of love should be the spontaneous joy that it brings to the heart, the colour that it lends to the cheeks and the lustre that it imparts to the eyes, and no proof are petty articles like the ring. Love which does not become itself a haunting memory and which is not its own proof, must be called by some other name. As light always reveals itself and in no way can conceal itself—likewise, love also always reveals itself, and in no way can it conceal itself. About love the following words of Kabir, a great saint and a great poet of Hindi, are remarkably true:

"When love once reveals itself, however hard one may try, it can never be concealed. If perchance the mouth speaks not, the eyes are swimming in tears."

In this drama this love has become eclipsed; and so the calamity that has played havoc would have gone to the farthest limit, if, with the abrogation of the curse, it did not spring back into life. And though in this way the calamity has been averted, yet the shock that it gives and the terror that it strikes are too painful to be set at rest. The poet, as though to cross the waters of this great sorrow, makes the curse of Durvasa a safe vessel. With the help of this vessel, he, on the other side, in heaven, has been able to bring about a happiness which, on this side, on earth, he would not have been able to build. In this happy union is, on one side, Shakuntala, the very image of pathos, and on the other Dushyanta, smitten with the grief of repentance. Between these two, the poet places their son, a gift of their love, and thus takes off the edge of the mortifying sorrow. Plainly speaking, this happiness appears to be more a heavenly phenomenon than an earthly one. Therefore its divine illumination, coming from above, lights up silently this horrifying great tragedy that has been enacted below. That is why, even after the union of Shakuntala and Dushyanta, we do not feel completely relieved of our sorrow, and that doleful melody continues to reverberate in our minds. We think that, although Shakuntala and Dushyanta are united, there is a possibility of such a calamity falling to the lot of others who are not so fortunate as the hero and heroine of this

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drama, and this possibility keeps ever fresh the tragic feelings of pity and terror. The question comes to us: if that ring had not been recovered, what would have been the result? Thus the poet presents before us the case of those poor, innocent women who have been—not through any fault of their own—cruelly treated by their own wicked and treacherous fate and are in a state of utter desolation and helplessness. Though this drama is apparently a comedy, the happiness that it brings in the end appears to be uneasy and dissatisfied with itself. It seems as though the outer body of this drama is constituted of happiness, but the soul that dwells in it is made of such tormenting sorrow as is “too deep for tears.”

Leaders and Landmarks of Telugu Literature

BY PROF. RAYAPROLU SUBBA RAO¹

(Osmania University, Hyderabad, Deccan)

I now go to another poem of the day, the *Parijatapaharanam* of Timmana, “The theft of the flower, *Parijata*”—a flower that never fades nor loses its fragrance, keeps perpetually fresh, gives warmth in the cold season and cool comfort in summer. The poem, for all outward purposes, appears to have been taken from the *Bhagavat Purana* and elaborated as a classical poem. But, it is, in fact, a very clever device to depict the harem of Sri Krishna Deva Raya, as it is also an earnest attempt to bring about reconciliation between the King and a Queen. The King had two wives, one of whom, for some reason, felt insulted by the King, whose visits to her palace became rarer and rarer. This cold treatment by the King, tradition tells us, was the outcome of the Queen's indiscreet behaviour on one occasion. Whatever the cause, there was deep misunderstanding between the King and his royal consort. The poet, who undertook the delicate task of reconciling them, hit upon an old Puranic story of Sri Krishna which suited the purpose.

The story, briefly told, runs thus:

Sri Krishna and Rukmini, his Queen, are playing chess. The divine Sage, Narada, comes to them, his violin making sweet sounds to the touch of the passing breeze. He brings a ‘*parijata*’ flower and gives it to Sri Krishna. Sri Krishna thanks the sage for the gift of the flower, and decorates Rukmini's hair with it. Narada speaks of the supernatural qualities of the flower, and leaves them. A maid of Satyabhama, another wife of Sri Krishna, happens to be present while this is taking place in Rukmini's palace. The maid goes to Queen Satya and narrates the events in a way that rouses all Satyabhama's jealousy. Then Satya feels insulted, and her feeling of inferiority sinks

¹ Concluded from the March issue.

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deep into her soul. Satya is depicted to be an idol of beauty, conscious of her natural grace and gifts, and very sensitive to others' reactions in all matters. Such being her personality, she very soon develops the idea of her being neglected, and the pain thereof she can no longer bear in silence. She is ill, and the news of her illness reaches Sri Krishna. He hastens to the palace of Satya, sees her in a state of painful prostration born of a sense of wounded pride. Sri Krishna, realising the situation, falls at her feet as a lover asking forgiveness. But Satya brushes aside his head with her foot. Nothing daunted, Sri Krishna consoles her with the promise of bringing and planting the very 'parijata' tree in her garden. This is the crisis in this love poem, which, though it appears mild, has all the tragic possibilities of separation and is therefore of great tension and interest. The folly of Krishna Deva Raya's queen is alleged to have been similar. The Puranic story and the private incident in the King's harem bear such marvellous similarity that the poet hit upon it and set it in a suggestive work of art. But what does he do? He throws upon the canvas the lovable Sri Krishna—a husband of several wives—and reveals in flashes the resourcefulness of a lover and the possible jealousies and misunderstandings among the ladies of the harem.

Here again, as in Peddana, we face the picture of the times, the beautiful palaces overlooking the rivers, their surroundings that unfold the pomp and pleasure, the culture and tastes of the Andhras of Vijayanagar. One noticeable feature in these descriptions is the artificial hillock-abodes, with halls inbuilt and well-furnished. The cultured aristocracy seems to have used these hillocks as pleasure resorts. Timmana left us a number of word-pictures, and the one of a pomegranate tree is strikingly natural. The 'anar' tree is young, with thick green branches stretching all round. The parrots, singing and dancing, flutter hither and thither. They sit on the branches and break with their red beaks the ripe fruits on the tree. The juicy seeds like blood-red diamonds fall pell-mell on the ground.

Coming to that arresting situation of the poem, when Satya kicks aside her husband's head, the poet defends her action, saying, in a seemingly solemn tone, that young wives, offended by the guilty conduct of their husbands, are not expected to conform to rules of etiquette. The development of the

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situation is both spontaneous and romantic, and the reader is lost in wonder at the poet's original treatment of a situation in which only Satyabhama's pardonable peevishness, her real love for Sri Krishna, Sri Krishna's complete understanding of the human mind, and his ability not to stand on dignity when the moment demands tolerance, save the poem from banality and give the narration of the incident its well-merited place of honour in all Telugu literature.

It is said that, when this poem was read in Sri Krishna Raya's Court, the King, cultured and high-souled as he was, forgave the Queen and forgot her fault. Thus was restored harmony in the delicate but disturbed relations of royal love. The exclusive gifts of Timmana lay in understanding and unveiling the emotions and moods of lovers.

Let us leave these two leading poets and turn to the works of Sri Krishna Deva Raya himself. He is said to have written two works in Sanskrit and one in Telugu. The Telugu work is known by the name 'Amukta Malyada.' It means, literally, 'presentation of a garland once worn.'

The story is picked up from the Vaishnavite lore, added to and altered, and fashioned into a classical poem. The work consists of about 4,000 lines, and is uneven in the distribution of its cantoes. A definite religious atmosphere pervades the poem; but the fifth and sixth cantoes contain pure poetry of a high order, while the fourth canto exhibits the extent of the King's knowledge of the fine arts and positive sciences like biology, etc. Further, his piercing observation and wide sympathy find free expression in this work of his. Although the work contains a lot of beautiful poetry and original thought, it is not popular, because the discussion of Vaishnavite theology is disproportionately lengthy and highly technical and ill-suited to a poem. The range of his imagination is very extensive and daringly original. As such, when pressed and packed in reckless phrases, it often becomes a hard nut to crack. Preoccupied with manifold problems of State, he had neither leisure nor patience perhaps for the slow process of elimination, which is necessary for the production of finished writing. He does not wait to select a word. It was presumably not possible for him, for his thought must have moved fast. That harmony of words and that music of soft consonants which make a phrase sweet and

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a stanza charming are generally rare. But vigour and vitality are abundant.

Now let me mention some of the scenes and situations the emperor-poet had chosen and depicted with characteristic skill and ability. First and foremost among his descriptions is that of the rainy season. I may say without fear of contradiction that it is unique. The description is not of the rainy season which the few who are high-born and well-to-do enjoy from the balconies of their palaces. It is of the season as it affects the villages and the common-folk.

The Vaishnavite women go from house to house to fetch a few pieces of half-burnt wood, and detach some straw from their thatched roofs to prepare fire, and the smoke fills the whole house, the wet fuel does not easily catch fire, the fire is not enough to cook both rice and vegetable, guests come, the prepared meal runs short, the housewife, with swollen eyes and steaming face, disgusted, tears her garment, soaks it in oil and puts it in the hearth and re-starts cooking. And the peasant women, in their straw 'rain-coats' carry food to their husbands working in the far-off fields, in knee-deep mud and pouring rain.

Next we come to Surana. Surana is a great poet who had the courage to transcend the time-honoured conventions in literature, and thus brought about a new orientation. His works are a fair index of his times. He was the first who brought into Telugu the free-play which is termed as *double entendre*, that is, making a phrase capable of yielding two meanings.

Surana, like other poets, was faced with the dictum of Sanskrit protagonists that vernaculars were not capable of *double entendre* and Sanskrit alone had the requisite potentialities. Surana produced a Telugu poem that could simultaneously convey the stories of Ramayana and Mahabharata, and silenced the opposition. But he was not satisfied with the performance because his mother-tongue revealed further possibilities of her latent strength and beauty to him. He ventured upon an entirely new experiment of composing a poem, whose subject matter was his own creation. It goes by the name of 'Kala Poornodaya.' Though he was not a revolutionist in literature, he was certainly a pioneer who brought fresh lustre and unfamiliar beauty to his work of art. The work consists of a few episodes, amongst which one bears close resemblance to Shakespeare's "Comedy of

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Errors." It must be mentioned that the scenes and situations were those of aristocratic society and highly cultured circles, not the life that obtains in common society.

This poem gives us an insight into the times with regard to witchcraft and its curious application in a variety of ways in society. 'Kala Poornodaya' contains considerable reference to music and how its technique was practised and perfected. People seem to have nursed a fascination for the art; especially with the cultured it became an obsession. Another feature of social life which is convincingly portrayed is the freedom which women enjoyed.

Of all the works of Surana his "Prabhavati Pradyumnam" is the best. It is again here we find how the creative genius moves far beyond the bounds of realm or race. "Prabhavati Pradyumnam" can be compared to "Romeo and Juliet," but in the Telugu story adventure and adversity lead to happy union.

Viewing his works also as faithful literary record of the Vijayanagar epoch, we find interesting material, worthy of study and reflection. He gives us a situation which indicates the existence of a play very similar to polo in those days. Not the whole match is described, but we find the hero playing a ball from horse-back. The ball is hit along the field and the horse gallops to overtake it. He then shoots the ball high up into the air and keeps constantly hitting it with his bat. The ball dances in the air indefinitely and comes down only to be shot up again. Thorough knowledge of horsemanship is revealed in the description which is very lively and full of vigour.

During the Great War, we read that pigeons were used to send despatches. Four hundred years back, the Vijayanagar rulers trained bird-messengers as part of their espionage system. Surana narrates, in close detail, how a bird was employed as a sweet messenger between the lover and the beloved. He describes the clever ways of these birds and how they evade mingling with other birds while they are on duty, and how they would not give any trace of their mission even in the face of death.

In the story, the lover and the beloved belonged to rival houses, and so venomous was the spirit of vengeance that even 'the green grass would burn to ashes between the two towns.' All communication was prohibited, and any slight infringement of the order meant death. But yet there seemed to be many ways

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and means devised and perfected. The town of the beloved was quite impregnable to fire and steel. But a street beggar, who knew dancing and knew remarkable physical feats, entered the city by the main gate freely and attracted children by his queer behaviour and humorous gestures, and finally entered the palace, seemingly to entertain the Court circles, but really to study the plan of the building and possibilities of entrance. Quickly enough, the whole scheme matured, with utmost skill and secrecy, and the object was realised. And love conquered hate.

Before leaving this great epoch of Telugu literature, I shall indicate briefly the causes that made poetic expression so delicate, passionate and flower-like, almost effeminate. Vaishnavism was the State religion of the Vijayanagara Empire. It gave a tremendous impetus to the poetic imagination, particularly of the extraordinarily romantic variety. The conception of 'Leela' between 'Prakriti' and 'Purusha' is irresistibly charming. The soul longing for the super-soul is a fascinating theme, and no poet could resist it. This affected the technique of the poets. Music made great strides too. It was the hobby of the cultured and of the aristocratic society. Painting, too, came into prominence, and the great kings patronised it. So it was a triangular fight between painting, music and poetry to catch abstract beauty and put it into tune or into colour or into verse. Only in poetry, it has been claimed, the melody of music, the colours of painting, as well as the quivers of the heart are successfully caught and given life in art. These extraneous influences were to some extent responsible for the importing of effeminacy into the poetic style of this period latterly. And poetry, in some measure, lost its strength and its appeal.

(Concluded)

Reviews

ENGLISH

The Psychological Attitude of Early Buddhist Philosophy—By Angarika B. Govinda (The Law Journal Press, Allahabad.)

In spite of the fact that Buddhism contains some of the best metaphysical systems of the world, the Buddhism of the time of Buddha had hardly any metaphysics. The Buddhist schools too, which were the earliest to come after the time of Buddha, do not have rounded-off systems of philosophy. Their interest was mainly ethical and religious, religious not in the sense that the Buddhists believed in any God who was to look after their material and spiritual needs, and who had therefore to be worshipped and invoked, but in the sense that the Buddhists wanted a complete transformation of the human individual and a translation of him to a place which misery cannot reach. The whole responsibility was thrown on the individual himself. As no God was postulated to intervene on behalf of his creatures, the Buddhist wanted to know the real nature of his own being in order to lift it to a realm beyond misery. His interest was immediate, and he did not worry about his relation to the universe around him. And so we have little of cosmology and metaphysics even in the Theravada. But as the interest was in understanding the nature of the individual, we have quite a profound analysis of him, which can compare favourably with some of the best analyses of mind given by contemporary psychologists. It is really a great wonder that, in an age when man could hardly rise above animism and anthropomorphism, when he saw in everything around him a presiding soul, even in the stone over which he stumbled, even in the arrow with which he was hurt and in the diseases from which he suffered, Buddhism could think of analysing the individual and explain away the soul.

The individual was, for Buddhism, neither merely the body nor merely the mind, but a combination of both. The individual desires this or that thing; he is disappointed; and he feels miserable. So there is no misery if there is no desire; and there can be no desire if there is no individuality or ego-hood. If the sense of ego-hood ceases, there is neither disease nor old age nor death. The root cause of misery is ego-hood. And in order to be above misery, ego-hood must be destroyed. But how is this destruction to be accomplished? We have to know the cause of this ego-hood and destroy it. When the cause is destroyed, the effect too is destroyed. Such is the line of thought that led the Buddhist to an analysis of the individual.

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The effect, according to the Buddhist, is an aggregate or *sanghata* of its causes. The whole is a group of its parts and is destroyed when the parts are separated from each other. So the sense of individuality disappears when the individual is analysed into parts. The analysis into parts is differently given as it is approached from different view-points. But here we see why the Buddhist is so much interested in what we call psychology. We may even say that this psychological analysis exhausts for him the whole of philosophy.

We have to note one important difference between the modern psychological analysis and that of the early Buddhist. The Buddhist had no idea in his speculations corresponding to the modern idea of mind. His analysis is therefore the analysis of the psycho-physical individual. We find matter too given as one of the constituents of the individual.

The ethical importance of Buddhism lies not in any system of ethics which it preached, though the modern student of-course may develop such a system. The various emotions, feelings, etc., which accompany ego-hood, have all to be controlled and disciplined if the ego-hood has to be thinned and its unity dissolved into its parts. So we get one of the best accounts of these mental functions and of their relations to each other and to ego-hood. We get also a good account of supra-normal experiences. Early Buddhism had no philosophy distinct from psychology; for its philosophy and psychology were one. They were interwoven into each other and formed one study. The separation of the two is our work.

The present work really supplies a need long-felt in the presentation of Buddhist psychology. This is the second work of its kind, the first being that of Mrs. Rhys Davids, which was based mainly on Aniruddha's *Abhidharmarhasangraha*. But now many more works on Abhidharma have come to light, and the modern student of Indian psychology will find excellent material for a really comprehensive and detailed treatment of the subject. And a more comprehensive work than has hitherto been done by any is still a thing to come.

The present work helps the students not only in understanding Buddhist psychology but also its philosophy. For we find in it one of the best connected explanations of the technical terms of Buddhism, and the Appendices to the work will be of great value. True, a tabular and pictorial presentation of ideas is sometimes misleading; but the early Buddhists, as many scholars know, followed the method, which is not without its advantages.

The book will be very useful to the students of Abhidharma, who want to understand well the significance of the basic concepts of Buddhism which is now one of the least understood or even the most misunderstood of the systems in its very land of birth.

P. T. RAJU

An Approach to Indian Art—By Sri K. Chandrasekharan (Ashrama, Luz, Mylapore, Madras:—1940 Pages 40.)

The sixth of the series of annual lectures instituted under the terms of the T. R. Venkatarama Sastri Birthday Endowment, which was delivered by Sri K. Chandrasekharan, M.A., B.L., Advocate, High Court, Madras, on 7th April, 1940, is now published as a booklet. Sri Chandrasekharan has, as the opening sentence shows, the ability 'to enter into the artist's mood' and the rare capacity not 'to miss the beauty of the wood in the meticulous counting of the trees.' These two qualities constitute the right approach to Indian Art. Art is not merely an exact and exacting science; the science of each art, which the artist acquires a thorough knowledge of, is only a prerequisite which enables the artist to catch the fleeting moment of inspiration born of continued contemplation, and to fix it in immortal form. The object of all art is the evocation of *Rasa*; and consequently, the creation of atmosphere, not mere photographic reproduction, is the aim of the artist. Each art has developed its peculiar language, but all branches of art have the same common ideal. This truth is brought home to the reader by the author's extract of a dialogue from a *Silpa Sastra* treatise, showing that to understand the art of image-making, one must know the technique of dancing and so on. The dialogue ends with pointing out the necessity of knowing vocal music before one attempts any of the other arts.

We see the full meaning of this passage when we know that Sri Chandrasekharan's approach to Indian Art has followed this prescription, although unwittingly. The author has acquired a very sound knowledge of vocal music, as evidenced by several passages in this book. That has served to guide him in his appreciation of dancing, painting, and image-making, and to illumine for him the whole range of Indian art. He finds that to a true artist the conventions of his art are a guide, not a hindrance. Two apt similes are suggested by the author to explain this peculiarity. "A Hindu, born in a family or caste, by his external conformity, though lost in the group, can flower unhampered in his own privacy." Every member of an ordinary Hindu family, "while conforming to caste and sub-caste regulations, yet is free to choose for himself any particular deity for personal devotion." Again, "to the women born in the higher society or aristocratic classes, there appears to exist no freedom whatever in the present day conception of it; yet these same women, shaped by ages of refined living, achieved an absolute standard of perfection in their kind."

I am tempted to quote more from the book, but I am afraid that, so doing, I will miss the lesson that the book conveys, that even a review can aspire to be a work of art if it abstains from mere reproduction of printed matter, and in so far as it abstains from it!

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SANSKRIT

Sarasvatikanthabharana of Bhojadeva. (Madras University Sanskrit Series, No. 11—Dr. T. R. Chintamani, M.A., PH.D., University of Madras, 1937. Price Rs. 6.)

Panini's Grammar has paved the way for the exposition of other systems of Sanskrit Grammar of which more than a dozen are found listed by Dr. Chintamani in his preface to this book. The system of Bhoja of the eleventh century was inaugurated in the *Sutras* of *Sarasvatikanthabharana* (a part of which has been published in the Trivandrum Sanskrit Series) and it held its supremacy till the advent of *Siddhanta Kaumadi* of Bhattoji Dikshita. The date of Bhoja is discussed in the Preface, and a list of his works, other than this comprehensive treatise on Grammar, is given, which shows the encyclopaedic knowledge of that scholar-patron. His *Sutras* incorporate all the improvements which contributed to the supremacy of the Paniniyan school of grammarians, as the elaborate Bhoja-Panini concordance given as Appendix I shows. There are about 6000 *Sutras*; and the Index of *Sutras* is consequently absolutely necessary. The text of these *Sutras* has been determined by the available manuscripts and also by comparison with the citations from the work of later grammarians. Other useful sources are the commentary of Dandanatha Narayana available for seven out of the eight chapters, and a transcript of a fragment of the commentary prepared by Sri M. Ramakrishna Kavi, M.A., from the original palm leaves from which the copy in the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras, was prepared. All the variant readings found in the manuscript sources are given in footnotes and Appendices; and in Appendix II, the Editor not only corrects misprints in the texts but indicates that in some places the readings in the footnotes are better, and states suggestions as to correct readings, based on a study of other grammatical works. With the discovery of other and better manuscript texts and commentaries of this work, and with the publication of other treatises on Sanskrit Grammar, we hope that the text of this epoch-making treatise will be settled finally; but till that time we must rest content with this scholarly edition of the tentative text. One wishes that the learned editor had, instead of referring the reader to the Annals of the Madras University Oriental Institute, appended to this work his scholarly paper wherein are discussed the differences in readings between the published part of the Trivandrum edition and the readings in citations which other grammatical works make from this work, as well as the differences between the former of these two and the readings in the present edition.

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Aunadikapadarnava by Perusuri. (Madras University Sanskrit Series, No. 7, Part 4; edited by Dr. T. R. Chintamani, M.A., PH.D., University of Madras, 1939. Price Rs. 4.)

Dr. Chintamani has been collating the *Unadi Sutras* in various recensions and has already published scholarly editions of the *Unadi Sutra vritis* of Svetavanavasin, of Narayana, of Durgasimha and of Bhoja as Parts 1 to 7 of No. 7, Madras University Sanskrit Series. The present work, though incomplete, sheds considerable light on the *Unadi Sutras*, on the forms and gender of nouns and their derivations according to the different grammarians. The only available manuscript of which a Devanagiri transcript and a Telugu one are in the Government Oriental Manuscript Library, Madras, stops in the middle of the fourth of the eight *Padas* of this "ocean of *aunadika* words." The author, Perusuri, cites, in the available portion of his work, only from authors anterior to the fourteenth century; the learned editor points out that his guru, Vasudevadhvarin, was probably the author of *Balamanorama*. There are other points of similarity between this work and other works on grammar, but as evidence about the date of the author, these are inconclusive. Fortunately, the importance of this work does not rest on its antiquity. The author has made a masterly study of the writers on *Unadi*, and of lexicographers, and of the use or *prayoga* of words, and put his researches in flowing verses which are easily remembered. His discussion about the genuineness of the *Sutras*, and about their value, as well as his opinions regarding interpolations and accretions to the *Sutras*, constitutes an invaluable guide to those who desire to fathom the ocean of Sanskrit words, and in particular to the student of the *Unadi Sutras*, who seeks to know how the analytic mind of the Sanskrit grammarians worked the apparently chaotic formations of words into a wonderfully consistent though elaborate system.

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TAMIL

Tanjai Vanan Kovai of Poyyamoli Pulavar—(Edited with notes by Vidvan M. V. Venugopala Pillai, Head Tamil Pandit, Lutheran Mission High School, Pursuwalkam, Madras. Published by M. R. Appathurai B.A., 57, Anderson Street, Madras, 1939. Price Rs. 2.)

The early Tamil grammarians concerned themselves not merely with the letters and words in the Tamil language, its syntax and grammatical constructions, its prosody and rhetorical embellishments or *alankaras*, but also with the lexical value of words, their proper use and significations, and, what is stranger, with detailed thematic classification of the subject-matter of literature. The Tamil mind probably loves to display its keen powers of analysis. Poetical themes, handled by the masters of

TRIVENI

Tamil and Sanskrit, were subjected to detailed analyses, and an elaborate scheme of *Porul-adhikaram* was based on such analytical study. Public life in those ancient days largely centred round chieftains who waged war with one another, and who were patrons of learning and of the fine arts of poetry, music and dance. Private life included pre-marital love-making and conjugal affections. These were classified into the themes or *turai's* of *akam* and *puram*.

In the wake of these grammarians came the conventional poets who loved to display their mastery of treatment and the cunning of their literary hand-work by composing verses illustrative of these classified themes, and rich in the delectable quaint poetic conceits of medieval scholarship. But the object of such a string of verses (or *Kovai* as it is called) is not so much to evoke the erotic emotion or the *Sringara Rasa* as to offer fulsome praise to the chieftain whose patronage is sought by the poet. *Tanjai Vanan Kovai* is a work of this class in praise of one Chandra Vanan of Tanjakkur who was a minister and commander-in-chief of Pandya Kulasekhara Deva of Marai, about 700 years ago.

The poem consists of 425 verses in *Kattalai-k-kali-t-turai* metre, and the story goes that the patron gave a gold cocoanut to the poet as each verse was sung. About the poet Poyyamoli (one whose words were never untrue), we know little, except that he performed notable miracles, such as bringing back to life a horse cursed to death by his disciple, making stone images shake their heads in approbation of his poems, and restoring eyesight to four dancing girls of Kalaiyarkoil in Chettinad, who were born blind. He is reputed to have mounted the funeral pyre of another patron of his, Sinakkan by name.

This *Kovai* is considered one of the best of its class, and forms part of the course of study for the Tamil Vidwans, both of the old variety and of the University variety. Narkaviraja Nambi's *Aga-p-porul* contains, under the respective *Agam*, themes classified therein, illustrative quotations from this poem. This fact bespeaks its worth, although no inference as to the relative positions in time of the poet and the grammarian can be made therefrom. It is to be noted that most other poems of the *Kovai* class follow the sequence of themes adopted by Poyyamoli in this *Kovai*.

The first edition of this work with the commentary of Kunrattoor Asthavadhani Chokkappa Navalar was published in 1893 by Daivasikhamani Mudaliar and Shanmukham Pillai, two notable scholars of Mylapore. A revised edition with critical notes by Vidwan N. Subbayya Pillai of Jaffna was published by Saiva Paripalana Sabha of Jaffna in 1936.

The present edition is intended to remove certain errors and clear certain ambiguities and doubts felt by its author when

REVIEWS

he studied the poem in 1928 for the Preliminary Vidvan examination. An index of variant readings, a glossary of difficult words, and an index of first lines are some modern features which characterise this edition. Not being intended for the old-world scholar, a simple commentary giving the meaning of each verse word by word is all that is here attempted. The editor has pruned much of the apparently discursive disquisitions which delight those who peruse the old commentaries, and consequently many of the remarkably skilful expositions of the beauties of thought and of the chiselled phrasing of the classic are denied to us in this handbook. This new edition therefore cannot displace the two excellent editions already in the field which give the full text of the commentary of Chokkappa Pulavar, except it be in the hands of the University candidates for the Vidvan title.

V. NARAYANAN.

Dr. P. C. Ray—By Vidvan P. D. Selvakko (Educational Publishing Company, Second Line Beach, Madras, 1938. Price Annas 10.)

This Tamil biography of Acharya Ray is based on his autobiography in English and the several appreciative sketches that have appeared about him. A list of the works referred to is given. As the biographical material is sparse and as the book is intended for use by school children, large extracts from the scientist's speeches and writings, showing his views on Indian life and on Indian problems, have been rendered into Tamil, and these form about three-fourths of the book. The book serves its purpose excellently. It is very necessary that these views should be placed before the coming generation as the views of one who has demonstrated to the world his supremacy in scientific work, as well as a genuine love of his country in the practical affiliation of the scientific spirit to the growth of our national industries. There are one or two defects which mar this excellent biography, and which, it is hoped, would be removed in future editions. One such error is in the wrongly-pronounced rendering into Tamil of personal names, both Indian and foreign. The title-name itself is wrongly written. So are Ashutosh, Sen, Tata, Davy, and Muir. Another is the introduction of the new Tamil equivalents of scientific terms published in 1938 by the Madras Provincial Tamil Sangam of Tinnevely, which have given rise to considerable controversy; the effect of this is no doubt minimised by giving the English terms in brackets. It is, however, desirable that scientific terms should not be translated but merely transliterated, at least till an accepted nomenclature is familiarised to the Tamil reading public. When we have 'tata' and 'almirah' transliterated, why should we render such words as glycerine, acetic acid, and methyl ammonium nitrate as *nerpaku*, *pulika-k-kati* and *eri-navacciya-k-kalakam*?

V. NARAYANAN

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TWO NOTED OPINIONS

He is.....in my judgment.....probably a man of genius.....He is likely to make additions of permanent value to his own literature both in poetry and criticism. Dr. Edward Thompson, Oxford University.

I am greatly impressed by your enthusiasm for Bengali literature in which your studies have been diligent and many-sided, and your essays bear the impress of a well-stored and thoughtful mind. Critical works in Bengali are few indeed, and your work will be an enrichment.

Dr. S. K. De, Decca University.

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